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## WAR IN THE PENINSULA.

*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814.*  
By W. F. P. Napier, C. B., Lt.-Colonel H. P. Forty-Third Regiment. 8vo. London, 1829. Boone.

THIS is the second volume of the most celebrated, and probably the ablest military history in our language. The story which Colonel Napier professes to tell is that of the only wars since those of Marlborough waged by England in Europe to which we now attach any considerable interest. That interest arises in a great degree from the extent and variety of occurrences in which our countrymen took the foremost part, from the success which waited on their exertions, from the remarkable talents and character of their commander, and from the fact that the struggle in the Peninsula is the last in which England has been engaged. Were there nothing else observable in the Spanish war, these peculiarities would be sufficient to maintain a general curiosity and sympathy with regard to it, and furnish ample ground for the labours of an eloquent, learned, and popular historian. Such, undoubtedly, is Colonel Napier. His general knowledge and acuteness are most conspicuous in every page of his writings. We are often surprised and pleased by some unexpected allusion to good literature or famous story; the descriptions of the various places of combat are admirably clear and comprehensive; and the reasons of the warlike manœuvres are made plain, even to quiet civilians, by the skill and talent of the writer. There is no lack of reflections, and these (though we frequently dissent from them) neither commonplace nor absurd. The book is full of an eager soldierly ardour; and, with regard to individuals, we perceive no undue bias, except a slight tendency to favour Soult (scarcely blameable under the circumstances), and a prejudice against Mr. Canning, not wonderful in a man who naturally inclines to look at persons and reputations through a merely military telescope.

The style, above all, of the history is really excellent, we might almost say, perfect. There is certainly no great quality in which it is deficient: it has ease, animation, brevity, correctness, and vigour, and these, taken together, in a greater degree than any other historical writer of English, except Raleigh and Hallam: for Clarendon is prolix, and often vague; Hume weak, negligent, and unidiomatic; Robertson monotonous and heavy; Gibbon ostentatious; Scott careless; Lingard made to sell; Sharon Turner for style contemptible; Mill formal and petty; and Southey who approaches nearest to the true mark too often misses it by feebleness and affectation. These latter remarks, be it remembered, concern merely the structure and beauty of periods and paragraphs. Of general merit there is little wanting in Colonel Napier's work, but (which indeed is the rarest of qualities, and in modern English historians, absolutely unknown) the weight and depth of observation conspicuous in Tacitus, and Machiavelli, and sometimes in Niebuhr—sometimes, also, we may add, as we are speaking of a military writer, in Polybius.

Attributing, as we do, these brilliant and various accomplishments to the author whose work now lies before us, we may, perhaps, be asked what other fault we find with him besides the want of that profound aphoristic wisdom already adverted to. Our answer is ready. Colonel Napier, in our opin-

ion, has written the history of a war of which he has not caught the true spirit and meaning. It is easy to say that the man whom we criticise is probably a much better judge of this than we are: but, in the first place, we claim to be credited only in so far as we support our opinion by sound argument; and, secondly, we do not mean to enter the lists with a learned tactician and practised soldier, as to the propriety or impropriety of any particular manœuvres.

Colonel Napier we will allow to be unrivalled authority in the theory of scientific war. But it seems to us that in narrating and examining the Spanish contest, he has mistaken the nature of much of the mechanism on which he sits in judgment. The matter is one in which the most skilful and instructed soldier, if he be a mere soldier, must be declared incompetent. And if the endowments and graces which accompany his military knowledge do not include considerable reach of thought, and power of moving beyond his purely professional sphere, industry and eloquence, and the utmost advantage of position, will undoubtedly be ineffectual for the performance of a lasting and complete work. This is the case with the historian of the Peninsular War.

The resistance of the Spaniards to Bonaparte we consider as one of the noblest efforts of national enthusiasm, and the character of that people seems to us, in many respects, deserving of the highest admiration. The country had been ruled for more than two centuries by one of the most degrading despotisms that ever existed. The lower classes were eminently ignorant, and consequently prejudiced and passionate. The upper ranks were very deficient in sympathy with them, and had been enfeebled by their government more probably than any aristocracy of Europe. The church had studiously excluded knowledge, and naturally none but the worst kind had gained a furtive admittance. Except this church every institution of the country had fallen into decay. Foreigners scarcely ever appeared in Spain. And the few who passed the dreary boundary of the dying land, found there but smouldering relics of the fire which once blazed with so much splendour over all the earth.

Such was the state of a kingdom against which the most cunning and strongest military tyranny that ever existed suddenly put forth all its resources. The chief fortresses were won by frauds more vile than those which consign felons to Newgate. The former government was destroyed, and its immediate re-establishment rendered impossible by the captivity of the sovereign. Many of the ablest and best instructed of the Spaniards, of those who would naturally have been guides to the people, were willing to truck the independence of their country for the political benefits promised by the invaders. In these circumstances what could be expected from Spain? The nation was a crowd of individuals almost entirely divested of that organization which had previously united them; and powerful and disciplined armies, commanded by some of the most skilful generals in the world, held the cities and fortresses, and occupied the highways of the kingdom. Never were a people in a worse situation for maintaining their independence; and yet if they did not rise and struggle, they would necessarily become a province of France; and the race which had beaten back the invasion of Africa, which had conquered America, and once given law to Europe, would become slaves to the slave of a French usurper.

There have been nations which, in such a state of

things, would have given evidence of courage and patriotism only by sullen murmurs and reluctant servility, and would have been applauded in history even for these manifestations of public virtue. Spain did more than this. The habits of action and self-guidance, the mechanism of resistance were utterly wanting; but the war of the Peninsula proved that there is in the Spaniard a force of individual character akin to the spirit of Padilla and of Cortes, and equal even in the nineteenth century to high occasions. There was nothing else on which the hopes of independence could rely; but this was much. It gathered the nation under a standard which once overshadowed half the world, and bore against the French with the rude, unsystematised energies of the whole people. The explosion of indignant and often arrogant courage drove the invaders beyond the Ebro; but only to return after a time, with ten-fold numbers and resolution. Hordes of peasants half armed and scarcely at all disciplined were generally dispersed with ease when brought to battle; and the French again obtained possession of almost the whole Peninsula.

Now it really seems a little unreasonable that men of skill and authority, overflowing with Jomini and science and literature, with Hannibal and Frederick and so forth at their fingers' ends, should very violently condemn the unfortunate Spaniards because they had not knowledge and discipline by instinct. Deprive England of her middle classes, degrade her gentry, subject her for centuries to the Inquisition and the Index Expurgatorius, annihilate her army and bring a foreign force of three hundred thousand men into the country and support them by strong fortresses, give them possession of London, Manchester, and Bristol, and set half the educated men amongst us on the side of the invaders, and consider what kind of resistance we should be likely to make. A gallant one undoubtedly, one full of obstinacy, and courage, and enterprise, and finally successful. But should we have no instances of fifty thousand half-disciplined peasants beaten by twenty thousand veterans? Would there be among us no apathy, no ignorance, no arrogance or frenzy, no examples of fierce revenge for unexampled wrongs; none of those innumerable follies and crimes attributed (and often justly) to the Spaniards? They promised, says Colonel Napier, infinitely more than they performed. Is this wonderful? Do all the boastings and failures of which he speaks, prove any thing but that self-confidence, which belongs to the Spanish character, and without which the nation never would have attempted, much less succeeded, in the many glorious enterprises that ennoble its history? They would not submit to be ruled by English counsel, though their own leaders and governors were often weak and passionate and incapable. And we should like to know if any nation, with strong national feeling, (much more if the Spaniards distinguished for the strongest,) would ever submit, ought ever to submit, to the rule even of the wisest and most benevolent auxiliaries. If the spirit of independence had not been so mighty as to spurn the notion of obeying foreigners, would the country not have gained much more by yielding its free will to Buonaparte than to Mr. Frere? The only possibility or purpose of resistance depended on the vehemence of the resolution to stand self-supported, or not at all. And again, when the historian narrates with the horror of a chivalrous soldier the cruelties committed by the Spaniards on the French, why does he represent the cruelties of the French as mere pardonable retaliations for these? Why does he almost uniformly lay

out of sight the unrivalled and detestable criminality of the first aggression of Bonaparte on Spain? Why uniformly forget the infamous horrors practised by the French soldiers on the people, (practised, indeed, by almost all French armies in almost every country in which they have fought), and in truth the first and real causes of the murders which the Spanish husbands, and fathers, and brothers frequently and madly perpetrated?

We do not mean to say that Colonel Napier has overlooked all this; but we do think that he has generally wished to throw the remembrance of it aside, and to look at the Spanish war as an ordinary contest between disciplined armies; to judge it by the rules of these more common and systematic struggles; and to praise or blame an outraged, brave, tumultuous people, without sufficient institutions or rulers, and whom their previous government had done all in its power to semibarbarise,—according to principles framed from the practice of well-drilled and regularly-commanded armies, fighting, not for their country's life, honour, vengeance, but to gain in quiet times a fortress or a canton for some sleepy, card-playing sovereign.

The first volume of the 'History of the War in the Peninsula,' brought down the narrative to the battle of Corunna, and the death of Moore. The second opens with a picture of the state of the French power and armies in Spain after that event. This is followed by an account of the Spanish resistance until the second siege of Saragossa; and this is concluded by some observations, in which the renown of that memorable resistance (unsuccessful as it was, and probably ill-conducted in comparison with the former,) is attempted to be lowered to the utmost. A good deal of what the author says is undoubtedly just; but we may reasonably complain of an evident want of sympathy with the sufferers, which was also very observable in the narrative of the noblest occurrence in modern history, namely, the first defence of the same immortal city. The two following chapters describe operations under St. Cyr and Suchet in Catalonia and Arragon. The next book relates to Portugal, and tells its story till the time when Beresford was put at the head of the military establishment. The next contains an account remarkable for clearness and animation of the proceedings of Soult preparatory to his invasion of that kingdom, and of the attack itself, which ended in the occupation of Oporto. The third chapter describes the contemporary events in Spain, which connected themselves with the operations in Portugal; and the fourth is devoted to bringing down the narrative until the period of Sir Arthur Wellesley's second arrival in the country. His movements are excellently told up to the time of his attack on Soult, and this is so superior to any other account we have seen that we shall extract it at length.

'The Douro rolled between the hostile forces. Soult had suffered nothing by the previous operations, and in two days he could take post behind the Tamega, from whence his retreat upon Bragança would be certain, and he might, in passing, defeat Beresford, for that general's force was feeble as to numbers, and in infancy as to organization; and the utmost that Sir Arthur expected from it was that, vexing the French line of march, and infesting the road of Villa Real, it would oblige Soult to take the less accessible route of Chaves, and so retire to Galicia instead of Leon; but this could not be, unless the main body of the allied troops followed the French closely. Now, Soult, at Salamanca, would be more formidable than Soult at Oporto, and hence the ultimate object of the campaign, and the immediate safety of Beresford's corps, alike demanded that the Douro should be quickly passed. But, how force the passage of a river, deep, swift, and more than 300 yards wide, while 10,000 veterans guarded the opposite bank? Alexander the Great might have turned from it without shame!

'The height of Sarea, round which the Douro came with a sharp elbow, prevented any view of the upper river from the town; but the Duke of Dalmatia, confident that all above the city was secure, took his station in a house westward of Oporto, whence he could discern the whole course of the lower river to its mouth. Meanwhile, from

the summit of Sarea, the English general, with an eagle's glance, searched all the opposite bank and the city and country beyond it. He observed horses and baggage moving on the road to Vallonga, and the dust of columns as if in retreat, and no large body of troops was to be seen under arms near the river. The French guards were few, and distant from each other, and the patrols were neither many nor vigilant; but a large unfinished building standing alone, yet with a short and easy access to it from the river, soon fixed Sir Arthur's attention.

'This building, called the Seminary, was surrounded by a high stone wall, which coming down to the water on either side, enclosed an area sufficient to contain at least two battalions in order of battle; the only egress being by an iron gate opening on the Vallonga road. The structure itself commanded every thing in its neighbourhood, except a mound, within cannon-shot, but too pointed to hold a gun. There were no French posts near, and the direct line of passage from the height of Sarea, across the river to the building, being to the right hand, was of course hidden from the troops in the town. Here, then, with a marvellous hardihood, Sir Arthur resolved, if he could find but one boat, to make his way, in the face of a veteran army and a renowned general.

#### 'PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

'A boat was soon obtained; for a poor barber of Oporto, evading the French patrols, had, during the night, come over the water in a small skiff; this being discovered by Colonel Waters, a staff officer, of a quick and daring temper, he and the barber, and the prior of Amarante, who gallantly offered his aid, crossed the river, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with three or four large barges. Meanwhile, eighteen or twenty pieces of artillery were got up to the convent of Sarea; and Major-General John Murray, with the German brigade, some squadrons of the 14th dragoons, and two guns, reached the Barca de Avintas, three miles higher up the river, his orders being to search for boats, and to effect a passage there also, if possible.

'Some of the British troops were now sent towards Avintas, to support Murray; while others came cautiously forwards to the brink of the river. It was ten o'clock; the enemy were tranquil and unsuspicious; and an officer reported to Sir Arthur Wellesley that one boat was brought up to the point of passage, "Well, let the men cross," was the reply; and upon this simple order, an officer and twenty-five soldiers, of the Buffs, entered the vessel, and in a quarter of an hour were in the midst of the French army.

'The Seminary was thus gained without any alarm being given, and every thing was still quiet in Oporto; not a movement was to be seen; not a hostile sound was to be heard: a second boat followed the first, and then a third passed a little higher up the river; but scarcely had the men from the last landed, when a tumultuous noise of drums and shouts arose in the city; confused masses of the enemy were seen hurrying forth in all directions, and throwing out clouds of skirmishers, who came furiously down upon the Seminary. The citizens were desecrated gesticulating vehemently, and making signals from their houses; and the British troops instantly crowded to the bank of the river; Paget's and Hill's divisions at the point of embarkation, and Sherbrooke's where the old boat bridge had been cut away from Villa Nova.

'Paget himself passed in the third boat, and mounting the roof of the Seminary, was immediately struck down, severely wounded. Hill took Paget's place; the musketry was sharp, voluble, and increasing every moment as the number accumulated on both sides. The enemy's attack was fierce and constant; his fire augmented faster than that of the British, and his artillery, also, began to play on the building. But the English guns, from the convent of Sarea, commanded the whole enclosure round the Seminary, and swept the left of the wall in such a manner as to confine the French assault to the side of the iron gate. Murray, however, did not appear; and the struggle was so violent, and the moment so critical, that Sir Arthur would himself have crossed, but for the earnest representations of those about him, and the just confidence he had in General Hill.

'Some of the citizens now pushed over to Villa Nova with several great boats; Sherbrooke's people began to cross in large bodies; and, at the same moment, a loud

shout in the town, and the waving of handkerchiefs from all the windows, gave notice that the enemy had abandoned the lower part of the city: and now, also, Murray's troops were seen descending the right bank from Avintas. By this time three battalions were in the Seminary; and Hill, advancing to the enclosure wall, opened a destructive fire upon the French columns as they passed, in haste and confusion, by the Vallonga road. Five pieces of French artillery were coming out from the town on the left; but, appalled by the line of musketry to be passed, the drivers suddenly pulled up, and while thus hesitating, a volley from behind stretched most of the artillery-men on the ground; the rest, dispersing among the enclosures, left their guns on the road. This volley was given by a part of Sherbrooke's people, who, having forced their way through the streets, thus came upon the rear. In fine, the passage was won; and the allies were in considerable force on the French side of the river.

'To the left, General Sherbrooke, with the brigade of guards, and the 29th regiment, was in the town, and pressing the rear of the enemy, who were quitting it. In the centre, General Hill, holding the Seminary and the wall of the enclosure, with the Buffs, the 48th, the 66th, the 16th Portuguese, and a battalion of detachments, sent a damaging fire into the masses as they passed him; and his line was prolonged on the right, although with a considerable interval, by General Murray's Germans, and two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons. The remainder of the army kept passing the river at different points; and the artillery, from the height of Sarea, still searched the enemy's columns as they hurried along the line of retreat.

'If General Murray had then fallen boldly in upon the disordered crowds, their discomfiture would have been complete; but he suffered column after column to pass him, without even a cannon shot, and seemed fearful lest they should turn and push him into the river. General Charles Stewart and Major Hervey, however, impatient of this inactivity, charged with the two squadrons of dragoons, and rode over the enemy's rear-guard, as it was pushing through a narrow road to gain an open space beyond. Laborde was unhorsed, Foy badly wounded; and, on the English side, Major Hervey lost an arm; and his gallant horsemen, receiving no support from Murray, were obliged to fight their way back with loss.

'This finished the action; the French continued their retreat, and the British remained on the ground they had gained. The latter lost twenty killed, a general, and ninety-five men wounded; the former had about 500 men killed and wounded, and five pieces of artillery were taken in the fight; a considerable quantity of ammunition, and fifty guns (of which the carriages had been burnt) were afterwards found in the arsenal, and 700 men were captured in the hospitals.'—Pp. 285—290.

The remainder of the volume is chiefly occupied by the history of Sir Arthur Wellesley's advance into Spain (including the battle of Talavera), and of his return within the Portuguese frontier.

#### SAINT SIMON.

*Mémoires Complètes et Authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence. Publiés pour la première fois sur le Manuscrit Original, entièrement écrit de la Main de l'Auteur, par M. Le Marquis de Saint-Simon, Pair de France, &c. &c. Paris. Sautet. 1829. 8vo.*

*The Complete and Authentic Memoirs of the Duke de Saint Simon, on the Age of Louis XIV. and the Regency; published for the first Time from the Original Manuscript, entirely written by the Author's Hand; by the Marquis of Saint Simon, Peer of France, &c. &c.*

THESE memoirs have long been, in some degree, known to the world; but they have never till now appeared in their original integrity. Their value is immeasurably increased by the publication of them from the author's manuscript; for it was previously impossible to determine how much had been suppressed, how much interpolated, or to what extent the whole impression made on the mind by the book, might have been modified by the parts omit-



ted or altered. We now read with entire security, that we know exactly what was written by the Duke of Saint Simon, that we have himself and the history of his times before us as he wished to represent them.

The man is not so important as the age, but he is worth understanding. He is an excellent specimen of a great French nobleman at the latest period in which that form of humanity could exist. The licence of the regency, and the disorder and meanness of the reign of Louis XV, combined with many other causes to destroy the peculiar character of the old aristocracy. But when the Duke of Saint Simon flourished it existed in all its force. Nor was any one more thoroughly imbued with all its feelings than he. This nobleman was a person of very good understanding, and considerable information, with nothing very light or lively in his temper, and no very prominent or memorable qualities. None of his contemporaries were farther than he from suspecting any equality between themselves and the classes of humbler birth, smaller fortunes, and inferior political distinction. He was proud, grave, and formal, with much, apparently, of good feeling and strong religious belief. To him, as to the rest of his class and time, there were but four spheres of existence conceivable, the court, the camp, the city, or the cloister; and in all of them he gives us abundant information. He had little, at least, in the earlier years of his manhood, of political foresight; and he talks of the depression of the aristocracy and parliament by the crown, as the last great change that could possibly take place in France. His mind never leads him to move in thought from his own actual outward position; and he evidently does not, for a moment, suppose that it can ever appear less important than in his day to examine and preserve the genealogy of every one he mentions. Pedigrees and etiquettes are the two most expressive and characteristic subjects of all those to which his memoirs are devoted; they are also to readers in our day, the most remote and wearisome; and it requires an effort of imagination to place ourselves in an age when a man of sense thought himself called on to add a page about marriages, descents, and patents of nobility to every name introduced in his journal. It would be foolish, however, to pass these by or treat them as unimportant. They belong to the times of the Duke of St. Simon, and had then a real energy and value; nor was there in his day a deep gulf of worthlessness and profligacy fixed between the founders of the great families of France and their living representatives.

It would be vain to think of giving any minute account of the contents of these volumes. They are so multifarious that an index would be half the size of the whole work; and there is among them no classification or leading principle. He speaks at equal length, with equal gravity, and on the same page, of a battle, a peace, and a footstool. Men the most obscure and the most eminent are described with impartial prolixity, and many of them, though quite unintentionally, with extreme injustice. Among the portraits, of which this may be said, we would remark especially that of Fenelon; and it might serve as a warning to those who plunge among French memoirs without any collateral information, that an English periodical writer has ventured to tell us on this authority that the Archbishop of Cambray was in fact 'an accomplished rogue.' In truth there are many subsequent parts of the memoirs which serve to correct the first erroneous impression given by the duke; but at best he was not a man capable of comprehending and judging such a mind as Fenelon's.

We have selected and translated two or three anecdotes, which we trust will amuse our readers:

\* 1698.—The king had Charnacé arrested in the country, at a place whither he had desired him to go, having been very much displeased by his conduct in Anjou, at his estate: he ordered him to be conducted to Montauban, under the accusation of many grave offences, and especially of coining. He was a clever fellow, who had been

page to the king, and an officer in his body-guard, who had lived much in the world, and afterwards retired to his country-house, and there played many pranks, but had always received kindness and protection from the king. Among other exploits, he accomplished one of remarkable cleverness, and at which it is impossible not to laugh.

\* He had a very long, and perfectly beautiful avenue before his house in Anjou. In it stood the house and little garden of a peasant, which had probably been there when it was planted, and which neither Charnacé nor his father had ever been able to reduce the owner to sell, whatever price was offered him,—a kind of obstinacy on which many small proprietors pique themselves, that they may enrage people to whom they thus make themselves important, or perhaps necessary. Charnacé, at his wit's end, had let the matter rest for a long time without speaking of it. At last, sick of seeing this cottage, which intercepted all the beauty of his avenue, he conceived a trick of sleight of hand. The countryman who lived in it, and to whom it belonged, was a tailor by trade when he could get any employment, was entirely alone, without either wife or children. Charnacé sent for him, said that he (himself) was summoned to court for an important employment, that he was in haste to go, but that he wanted a suit of clothes. They made their bargain on the spot, but Charnacé stipulated that he was not to be dependent on the delays of the tailor, and that in consideration of a higher price the man was not to leave the house of Charnacé till the work should be finished; that in the meantime he was to be lodged and fed, and should be paid before his departure. The tailor agreed, and began his task. While he was thus employed, Charnacé had a plan of the house and garden taken with the utmost exactness, and in this were marked not only the size and shape of every room, but the position of the furniture and smallest utensils. He then made the house be taken down, and all that was in it removed; re-built it, inside and out, as it had been before, some four musquet-shots to the side of his avenue, replaced all the furniture and so forth, in the place occupied before by each article, and having constructed another little garden round the cottage, cleared and levelled the place in the avenue which it formerly filled, so that no signs of it were remaining.

\* All this had been executed before the suit of clothes was made, and still the tailor was watched for fear of some discovery. At last, when the business of both parties was ended, Charnacé detained his workman till dark night, paid him, and sent him off happy. So away he went down the avenue. By and bye he began to think that it was very long, and searching for the trees, found that he had passed them. He turned and followed in the direction for some time, and then cruised about, but still he did not find his house. He could not understand what had happened. In this way he spent the whole of the night; the day dawned, and soon gave him light enough to look about him. He could not see his house; he rubbed his eyes; and gazed at other objects to learn whether it was by a failure of eyesight. At last he was persuaded that the devil had a hand in it, and had carried off his house. By dint of wandering about, and looking on all sides, he discovered, at some distance from the avenue, a cottage, which was as like to his as one drop of water to another. He could not trust his sight; and curiosity led him to approach the spot on which no house had ever stood before. The nearer he went the more sure he became that the cottage was his own. To make himself the more certain of a fact which turned his head, he tried his key; the door opened, he went in, and found every thing he had left exactly in its proper place. He almost fainted, and remained convinced that the whole was an affair of witchcraft. The morning was not over before the ridicule of the mansion and the village taught him the truth as to the sorcery, and threw him into a rage. He wanted to go to law, or to demand justice from the Intendant, and every one laughed at him. The king heard of it, and laughed too, and Charnacé had his avenue free.\* If he had never done any thing worse than this, he would have preserved his reputation and his liberty.\*—Vol. 2, pp. 186—8.

We confess we think the poor man had a good reason to punish Charnacé. We can imagine no-

thing more amusing than to see Odry act the perplexity and consternation of this memorable tailor.

The following anecdote presents a curious picture of the court:

\* The great apartment, that is from the gallery to the tribune, was furnished with crimson velvet, with trimmings and fringes of gold. One fine morning they were all found cut. This seemed a miracle in a place so frequently passed during the day, so closely shut at night, and so carefully guarded always. Boutenis, in despair, made and had made all possible inquiries, and all without success. Five or six days after, I was at the king's supper, there was no one but D'Aquin, the king's first physician, between the king and me, and no one at all between me and the table. About the time of the second course, I saw something large and dark, I knew not what, in the air over the table; I had not time either to distinguish or point it out, from the rapidity with which the lump fell on the end of the table before the place of Monsieur and Madame, who were at Paris, and who always sat at the end of the table, on the king's left hand, with their backs to the windows that open on the great court. From the noise which it made in falling, and the weight of the thing, it seemed as if the table would have been broken down; the dishes were shaken, but not upset, and by accident, the object fell on the cloth, and not on any of the dishes. The king, at the blow which it gave, turned his head half round, and without being in the least startled, said, 'I fancy there are my fringes.' In truth it was a bundle of them larger than a priest's hat with flat edges, and about two feet high, in the shape of an ill-fashioned pyramid. It had been flung from behind me, somewhere near the door between the two antichambers, and a bit of fringe that had fallen off in the air had lighted on the top of the king's wig, and been removed by Livry, who stood at his left. Livry went towards the end of the table, and saw that in fact the bundle was the fringes twisted together; and every one else saw them as well as he. Livry, wishing to take away the bundle, found a note tied to it, which he lifted and left the bundle where it was. The king put out his hand, and said, "Let us see." Livry, with good reason, did not wish to show it, and, going behind, read it, under his voice, and gave it, behind the king, to D'Aquin, in whose hands I read it. The hand-writing was feigned and long like that of a woman's, and these were the words, 'Take back your fringes, Bontems, the trouble of them is more than the pleasure, my respects to the king.' The note was rolled up and not sealed; the king wanted again to take it from the hands of D'Aquin, who stepped back, smelled it, rubbed it, turned it about, and then showed it to the king without letting him touch it.\* The king told him to read it aloud, though he himself was reading it at the same time. "There is an insolent fellow," said the king, but speaking in an even, and as it were, an historical tone. He afterwards desired that the bundle should be taken away. Livry found it so heavy that he could scarcely lift it from the table; and he gave it to one of the attendants in blue, who offered to take it. From that moment the king spoke no more of it; and no one dared to say any thing, at least aloud. The rest of the supper-time passed as if nothing had happened.

\* Besides the extreme of insolence and impudence, there was an extreme of peril in this business that one can scarcely understand. How can it have been possible to throw from such a distance a bundle of that weight and size, without being surrounded by accomplices, and in the midst of such a crowd as there always was at the king's supper, where it was scarcely possible to pass in the back-rows? And even in a circle of accomplices, how could the movement of the arms for such an exertion take place without being seen by so many eyes? The Duke of Gesvres was in waiting. Neither he nor any one else thought of having the doors shut until after the king had left the table. One may guess whether the criminals had staid when all the passages had been left open for more than three quarters of an hour. When the doors were shut, only one man was found whom nobody knew, and who was stopped. He called himself a gentleman of Saintonge, and one known to the Duke of

\* In these times there was much suspicion of poison being communicated by the touch, as by a pair of gloves, for instance.—*Reviewer.*

Uzes, the governor of the province. He was at Versailles, whither they sent to beg that he would come. He was going to bed; but he came immediately, recognized the gentleman, and answered for him; and on this testimony the prisoner was set free, with excuses for the detention. They were never afterwards able to discover any thing about this robbery or the singular audacity of the restitution.—Vol. 2, pp. 311—313.

Yet another anecdote:

‘I cannot leave Courtin without telling his extraordinary adventure with Fieubet. He was another counsellor of state, of great capacity, of agreeable wit, in the best society of the city and the court, sought by all the most distinguished people, sometimes playing deep, and formerly chancellor to the queen. He was taking Courtin to the council; and at this time there was a great deal of robbery. They were stopped and searched, and Fieubet lost a great deal which he had in his pocket. When the robbers had left them, and Fieubet was complaining of his bad fortune, Courtin bragged that he had saved his watch and 50 pistoles by hiding them in his dress. Fieubet immediately threw himself out of the door, and began to hollow, and call them back, and that so loud that they returned to learn what he wanted. “Gentlemen,” said he, “you seem to me to be very good fellows in great distress, it is not reasonable that you should be the dupes of that gentleman, who has swindled you out of fifty pistoles and a watch,” and then turning to Courtin, “Sir,” said he, laughing, “you told me it yourself; believe me, your best way will be to give them up with a good grace, and without being searched.” The astonishment and indignation of Courtin were such that he let them be taken without saying a word; but when the robbers were gone, he tried to strangle Fieubet who was stronger than he, and who was laughing long and loud.—Vol. iv. pp. 116, 117.

On the whole, these memoirs are among the most amusing and valuable that exist. For him who would understand the court, character, and reign of Louis XIV. and would catch the spirit of the times, they are indispensable; and it is pleasant while so many pictures of folly and infamy move before us on the pages, to feel that we are in the hands of an able, an honest, and an honourable man. The book is very handsomely printed, and two volumes do not cost more than one of similar pretensions among us.

[In the second number of Sharpe’s ‘London Magazine’ there is an article on Saint Simon, of which the greater portion is translated, and published as if it were an original criticism, from the French bookseller’s prospectus.]

#### DIVISION OF LABOUR.

*An Argument for more of the Division of Labour in Civil Life in this Country. Part I. In which the Argument is applied to Parliament.* By William Wickens. London. Saunders and Otley. 1829. (Continued from p. 482.)

‘THE idea,’ says our author, ‘appears to be a very prevalent one, that whoever puts himself forward to unfold or denounce vices in our social system, is bound at the same time to come prepared with an adequate remedy for what he denounces. We, in a great degree, deny that this obligation exists, being firmly persuaded that a faithful exposition of wrong of any sort is of itself a benefit conferred on the community, though the author of the exposition (we are supposing him to be a private and irresponsible individual) is the propounder of nothing else.’

We quote this because it is rather a new and most decisive answer to a common and dangerous fallacy. The author proceeds to point out remedies for the defective legislation caused by the great pressure of parliamentary business.

The first and most obvious remedy is to transfer some of this business to other persons. Matters of mere form, such as naturalization bills, bills authorizing changes of names and arms, and private estate bills, and matters of a scientific nature, should not require the immediate interference of the legislature. The latter class should be confided to responsible scientific men: the former might be transferred to the King, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the parish overseer, or the printer of this paper, or any other two-legged being.

A third class of matter, of which Parliament should be relieved, are *all strictly local bills*:

‘Whatever other bills the term “local”—in the literal sense in which we interpret it, may comprise (and such other bills, it may be observed, are not numerous,) our remarks at present will exclusively respect those of these bills which go to meet the mere physical—that is, the very homeliest wants of individual towns, or of certain limited portions or districts of the country.—On looking at the titles of our acts of parliament, passed from session to session, hardly any thing, we think, is more calculated to arrest attention, than the perfect shiftlessness of the cities, towns, &c. of the United Kingdom. Impotence itself seems to be stamped upon them. Their inhabitants, however long, however closely and numerous congregated together, however reputed, too, for their wealth or intelligence, are, generally speaking, utterly unable to perform for themselves the commonest offices of social life. This statement, we shall, we think, at once substantiate, and in a way to render very little additional comment necessary, when we say, that even our largest towns—that our most popular provincial districts cannot pave, purge, drain, light, water, or watch themselves;—cannot cause to be provided for their respective inhabitants, so much as a market-place, a chapel, a workhouse, or even a burying-ground—without recourse had to the high court of Parliament; without application being made for the obtestric aid of the “collective wisdom” of the nation. The very calls of nature, in a sense, our local population, all through the country, appear incapable of complying with, except the assiduous attentions—the co-operative services—be afforded on the occasion, of the supreme legislative council of the empire.

‘Any thing more alien, than cares of the kind here described, from the affairs of the community at large—more remote from the interests of the commonwealth—and, consequently, more wanting in that which ought to be the sole condition of legislative interference;—we ourselves are unable for a moment to specify. There is not even the pretext for carrying these matters before a tribunal of rank or importance, that there is for submitting to such a tribunal, what we have termed matters of mere form. In those cases, all the agency of two parties is indispensable. What partakes of the character of a boon—a something which is not of the nature of a right—is in question; and there must be of necessity not only a solicitor, but a grantor of the boon. No progress that society may make, can divest those cases of that peculiarity. But, upon the inhabitants of a town, or detached district, agreeing among themselves, as to the expediency, at their own cost and charges, of paving, lighting, &c. their streets; of providing themselves with a chapel, a workhouse, and the like;—necessity for the privacy to the act, of any other individual, or body of individuals, whatever, there can manifestly be none.’—Pp. 129—131.

It is not necessary, therefore, that any legislative authority should be required for the completion of such plans. A ministerial or judicial agency would be quite competent to do the work without calling in the power of the legislature; but the excessive expense of such bills, an expense productive of the greatest local detriment and inconvenience, makes our legislature incomparably the worst of agents in these matters. Ingeniously as the fee-gathering system is constructed, it would be impossible in any other way of doing such a business, to inflict on individuals any but the most inconsiderable portion of the expense incurred in a private bill, an expense seldom, we believe, less than £500. It is a decisive objection to the private business of Parliament, that, as the public in general takes no interest in local affairs, the members of the legislature may act respecting them without any of that responsibility to public opinion which provides some check on their political conduct. For gross rascality in his conduct on public questions, the most gentlemanly man is amenable to public opinion, and sometimes receives punishment; what tricks he may play with regard to private legislation few ever inquire; very few ever inquire with success. The consequence is, that members may job with impunity, and hence, as it is notorious, they do job most grossly; and honourable men constantly act in a manner respecting private

bills which would not only be condemned by honest men, but would most probably be considered as inconsistent with the laws of honour.

The remedy, which Mr. Wickens proposes, is that these matters should be referred to ‘municipal institutions of an improved character.’ This appears vague and unsatisfactory. In what hands it would be proper to place the private legislation at present exercised by Parliament, is a curious and rather difficult question.

About the matters specified above it is clear that there should be no reference to any authority of any kind. If certain people wish to associate for the purpose of lighting a town, no act of a public nature is required, except a registration of the names of the parties so associated, and of the rules of their society. Certain fixed rules might regulate the exchange of estates in those cases in which the consent of the legislature is always given as a matter of course. But if, for some public object, it is necessary to interfere with private property, to whom should we entrust the power of fixing on the cases in which such an interference with the existing laws is advantageous to the public? This is clearly a case in which the judge will not be called on to tell us merely what is the law. Supposing that the law were to say that private property might be taken by the public in cases where the public good demanded it, the difficult question must afterwards be decided, whether the case in point is one in which there is any such public benefit ensured by an interference with the laws of property. What is the administrative power to which you must leave this; we know only of three between which there can be any doubt.

1st. You may leave it in the hands of Parliament as it is at present managed. This appears to us the worst possible mode. These are matters of mere local interest, and therefore not requiring the interference of the deliberative council of the nation. They are matters on which most of the members of such a body must be ignorant, and in which, of course, most of them will take no interest. And consequently the management of these will be left to the few who are interested in the matter, and acquainted with it; and who will therefore have the power of inducing the others to join with them in jobbing, which they never will, and assuredly do not at present exhibit any inclination to abuse with moderation.

2ndly. This power might be entrusted to a responsible administrative officer, the sheriff, prefect, or whatever else he may be called, of the district. This officer would devote an undivided attention to the matter; he would probably understand it pretty well. The only objection is, that he might job for himself, or his friends, or his employers in the government. This objection is fatal if your officers are not subject to sufficient responsibility; but at any rate such officers could not be so dishonest as a large number of legislators.

If by ‘municipal institutions,’ Mr. Wickens means a body of such officers, or any number of individuals employed by the state, we must object to diminishing the responsibility always attaching to one minister by dividing it among many. What atrocious jobbing is done by your grand juries and benches of magistrates! A third plan is that of entrusting such business to one officer appointed by the legislature, who should submit his decisions afterwards to the legislature. Members would hardly dare to job in spite of such an officer, but they might prevent him from acting in an arbitrary manner. He would be sufficiently isolated to be responsible for the management of his business. On the whole, this would perhaps be the best plan, and would at any rate be more in accordance with the spirit of our present institutions.

The auxiliary, or minor measure of reform, proposed by our author, seems to us the most objectionable, we were almost going to say the most absurd, which could be devised; it is, ‘that parliament do resolutely and most positively prohibit or disqualify all individuals, the ministers of the crown only excepted; from becoming legislators so long as they



continue actively engaged in other pursuits or avocations.\* This exclusion, according to a subsequent explanation, would not only extend to all practising barristers, military and naval characters, merchants, bankers, brewers, &c., and thereby keep out all professional persons, but even catch in its all-embracing net the richest and eldest persons in the country under the designation of magistrates. This is the most sweeping reform we ever heard of. We believe that if it was carried into effect, the benches of the House of Commons would be permanently as empty as they are on those nights which are fixed for a debate on the state of the nation.

We object to this proposal in the first place, because it is founded on the absurd principle of limiting the power of the people in choosing their representatives. If electors are fit to decide on the other qualifications of candidates, surely they are not likely to err respecting their proper age or habits of life. Let the electors judge whether the candidates' avocations are such as to render them incapable of attending to their business as legislators.

The only other argument which we would suggest is one adduced by Mr. Wickens on the other side. He mentions some of the most active members in the house, (Mr. Brougham, for instance,) and after enumerating their out-of-door avocations, asserts that they must interfere with their parliamentary duties. Does not Mr. Wickens perceive that he suggests the answer that these men of so much business are none of the most hard-working members of Parliament? Those who make legislation their sole study and occupation, will of course be the best legislators. But what are these among so many members of Parliament? The others must consist either of idle men or professional men; and we think there can be no doubt that the latter class can spare more time from their professional labours than is usually allotted by country gentlemen from their unemployed hours, besides working with much more effect while they are engaged in their parliamentary duties. Moreover, professional men are of no little use in communicating information respecting their own kind of business.

Mr. Wickens afterwards hints at a reform of the state of the representation as an additional means of securing an efficient mode of doing business in Parliament; of course it would be the most efficient. Your idle Lord Charles's are not required by their nominators to do public business; it would be required by the people of their representatives; and the work would be done. Mr. Wickens's work is evidently the result of great research; and the public must feel grateful to him for the industry which he has displayed in so important a task, and the judgment and good sense with which he has employed the information which he has collected. The style is tolerably clear and simple, though it is sometimes absurdly careless and affected. It would seem as if it had been constructed in imitation of Mr. Bentham's style; one which the talents of that singular writer can hardly render tolerable, and which is about the most ridiculous mode of expressing any less profound views that the bad taste of an imitator could adopt. We are sorry even to feel inclined to smile at verbal affectation in a work so highly useful and displaying so much good argument as the one before us. The author calls himself, in his title-page, William Wickens. We know not whether these are his true, sponsorial, and patronymic designations, but at any rate they suggest an idea of individuality, which renders it absurd in the author to use the plural pronoun. Why should William Wickens say We? We, who have a right to use that plural mode of speaking of ourselves, must object to the assumption of it by any solitary individual. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wickens will, in the next part of his argument, return to the singular rule.

We hope soon to see this next part. There can be no department of civil life in which bad workmanship is of such ill consequence as this in the legislature. There are others, however, only second to that in which most weighty business is even worse done.

In his next part, let Mr. Wickens inquire how a single individual is competent to discharge, at the same time, the functions of keeper of the great seal, and the king's conscience, patron of all crown livings, minister of justice, supreme judge in all cases of bankruptcy, judge in almost all causes affecting the disposition of landed property, guardian of all minors, idiots, lunatics, and corporations, and of many colleges, and Speaker of the House of Lords. It would appear that even one department of this multi-form variety of duties would be sufficient for one man, since we witnessed a great part of three days of the Chancellor's precious time occupied in deciding where two little children should spend their holidays!

#### FOSCARINI.

*Foscarini, or the Patrician of Venice.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Hunter.

CRITICISM can do no more with half the novels annually published in London, than say that they exhibit lively second-rate talent, and are admirably adapted for the circulating libraries. This is nearly all that we shall assert of 'Foscarini.' There is, however, one particular in which it differs from its brethren—the richness, namely, and (we believe) the accuracy of the details as to Venetian manners two centuries ago. The subject was happily chosen. Venice, more than any other civilised and historic portion of modern Europe, was a world apart, differing in appearance, situation, institutions, habits, and character, from the rest of mankind. It furnishes admirable matter for a literary thinker. Such we do not think that the author of 'Foscarini' is. He or she (we incline to believe the former) is more familiar with the outward picture-work and tracery of Venetian life, than with its moral aspect and mental physiognomy. The book, however, displays a very fair and courageous attempt at the delineation of character; we fancy that ladies will pronounce it 'interesting;' and it is certainly in no respect either a tedious or an extravagant performance. The following is one of the many profuse and glittering descriptions which the volumes contain, and we confess that it seems to us to bear the palm from the best reports extant, of the Lord Mayor's show:

\* Waiting the arrival of the procession, vulgarly called the Triumph of the Doge, who had seldom any of another description, the crowd thronged under the Moor's Tower, so named from two bronze statues which marked the hours, by striking with hammers on a brazen globe. An angel came from the interior, and saluted the image of the Virgin, to the great satisfaction of the multitude, to whom the spectacle was rarely afforded; the famous "Bucentaur," which had been anchored opposite the pillars of the Piazzetta, obtained also its share of admiration: this immense machine, constructed to contain on its decks 600 persons; lofty as a ship, and longer than a galley; without masts or sails, seemed waiting for sea-nymphs to draw it over the waves. The gilding which covered it blazed in the sunshine. Surrounded with "péotes" richly ornamented, several galleys, and an infinite number of gondolas, this immense mass appeared like a castle rising in the midst of 10,000 cottages.

\* Volleys of artillery, and the redoubled noise of the bells at last announced the approach of the Doge, and every one ran to secure himself a place from whence he might see the procession; priding himself in a grandeur in which he had no share. It may be necessary to remark that the festival of the Ascension, on which occasion the Doge espoused the Adriatic Sea, was instituted in commemoration of some memorable events in their history. The republic granted an asylum to Pope Alexander the Third, during his dispute with the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa; vanquished and made prisoner the emperor's eldest son, in a fight at sea; and negotiated a peace between him (then Frederic the Second) and the Pope. Old writers record, that the Pope went out as far as Lido, to

\* Large boats, or barks, decked, and covered with awning.

receive the victorious Doge, and after embracing him, presented him with a ring from his finger, saying, "that a sea on which the Venetians were so powerful, ought to be as submissive to them as a wife to her husband."

\* The clergy of St. Mark opened the procession, richly dressed, and observing the utmost gravity in their deportment; next came the ushers of the palace, in sky-blue maniles, reaching to the ground, and square-crowned red caps, to which two sequins of gold were attached, one before and one behind. Eight of these ushers carried the standards of St. Mark, gilded and painted, two blue, two red, two violet, and two white, representing peace, war, truce, and alliance: the white preceding the rest, to indicate that the republic was in a state of profound peace. These were followed by six other ushers, with silver trumpets; and the equeries of the Doge, preceded by a military band in red robes, playing at intervals an air, which, never varying, might have been taken for an allegory or satire on the Venetian government. The chief captain, and the master of the ceremonies, attracted general attention by the beauty of their damask and scarlet satin dresses. Splendid attire could not reconcile the people to the sight of nine or ten captains of sbirri, distinguishable only by silver-handled poniards stuck in belts studded with the same metal; on the other hand, the purple which decorated the secretary and chancellor of the senate, (two magistrates chosen amongst the people,) excited feelings of pleasure and affection. Next came several pages, bearing the cushions belonging to the golden chair; a priest of the ducal chapel, in a violet-coloured vest, carried the candlesticks and tapers of his Serene Highness.—"Is the Doge accustomed to walk out, accompanied by all his furniture?" inquired a foreigner.

\* He was answered by a person who appeared full of his own importance:—"Every child knows," said he, "that these matters were given to his Serene Highness in recompense for having guarded and defended Pope Alexander, when he sought refuge here, disguised as a cook."

\* "The Pope disguised as a cook!" exclaimed a fat personage, (whose red face and white cap formed a striking contrast;) I should like to have seen the figure he cut; every one to his trade; I should make a droll sort of a Pope." At this moment the appearance of the Doge in all his magnificence put an end to the dialogue. Two gentlemen held over his head an umbrella, another present from the same Pope; and two pages bore the train of his ermine mantle. His robe, which was remarkably long, was brilliant with jewels and embroidery; his appearance was affable and paternal, his hair white as silver, and his whole figure truly venerable. He was received by a general murmur of approbation; it was not unknown that a jealous aristocracy had by degrees reduced to a vain show, the power of the Doge, as well as the public liberty; and the natural good sense of the people, uninstructed as they were, enabled them to comprehend, that the sovereign would, no doubt, love his subjects, when he had not the power to oppress them; and they returned this affection so much the more warmly, as it is the nature of ignorance to fall into extremes, and either to idolize or to hate those in authority over them. The French ambassador, and the Pope's nuncio, walked on each side of the Doge; the former held the first rank in the diplomatic corps at Venice. Since the time of Charles the Ninth, when the precedence was disputed, and lost by Spain, the ambassador of that country had ceased to appear in the processions; a circumstance which had increased the dislike of the Venetians, already more violent amongst them, than in any other part of Italy; although they all agreed in paying to the Spaniards that debt of vanquished nations to their conquerors.

\* The procession was closed by the members of the government, before whom was carried the sword of state, as if to indicate that the Doge only represented a power, of which they possessed the reality. The calm and dignified appearance of these grave counsellors, announcing at least the presumption of wisdom, would have inspired respect, had not the sight of the three inquisitors chilled every heart with secret terror. Every one looked back upon his own words and actions; and if satisfied, on reflection, that they had nothing to fear for themselves, they could not help feeling that ungenerous satisfaction, caused by the aspect of a danger from which we alone are exempt.

If these formidable personages for a moment fixed their eyes on an individual in the crowd, his neighbours would willingly have been elsewhere, and he himself, mistrusting the fidelity of his memory, imagined he felt life, and its pleasures, fading before him. The senators, in scarlet robes, came immediately after these distributors of a terrible justice, whose departure restored gaiety, and unshackled all tongues. Had they remained in sight, the appearance of Foscarini would not have occasioned that burst of enthusiasm whereby the multitude evince their attachment, and which has so many charms for the ear of the great. Their enthusiastic reception was fully justified even by his appearance—by the benevolent expression of his countenance, glowing with youth and talent; his noble form, and manly carriage, a rare advantage amongst the Venetian noblemen, and which appeared the more striking from the contrast with Ortensio, afflicted by every species of awkwardness.

‘Praises and affectionate exclamations, in the softest of Italian dialects, announced his approach, to those who had not yet beheld him. “How handsome he looks!” said the young girls, and those whose dress showed a class above the vulgar.

“He is better than handsome,” echoed the populace; “the poor never quit his door without leaving their blessing.”

“And I can tell you,” said the man, who some time before had replied to the stranger, “his domestics are happy in his service.” These words attracted attention; and some persons remarking that he was one of the upper servants of his Excellency, Ziloli seemed to enjoy, by reflection, the consideration in which his master was held.

‘The Doge entered the Bucentaur, the report of cannon gave the signal of departure, and instantly a hundred oars were set in motion, and the brilliant vessel glided majestically through the water. The Doge seated on the deck, with the members of government, and the ambassadors; the colours of St. Mark, blended with the standards of the ceremony; the number of distinguished foreigners who contrived always to find room in the gallery of nobility; the brilliancy and variety of the costumes, and the prodigious number of boats of every description, under a clear sky, and in a dazzling light, combined to form a most imposing and magnificent spectacle; while innumerable voices, mingling with the harmony of the music, added to the effect of the whole scene.’—Pp. 334–342.

‘At this moment the patriarch of Venice, whose boat had been towed by the Bucentaure, gave his benediction to the sea. Every sound ceased, and nothing was heard but the melody of stanzas sung by the finest voices, which, swelling and dying away in air, seemed to come from heaven, in answer to the prayers of men. The master of the ceremonies gave the ring to the Doge, who dropped it in the sea, saying: “We espouse you, as a sign of our dominion over you.” A shower of flowers, thrown in the water to crown the bride, followed his words. This pompous allegory, far from appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the spectators, was evidently regarded with profound interest and attention. Such were the habits and character of the nation, that circumstances, otherwise indifferent, were looked upon as a revelation of futurity; it is sufficient to give a single example. After the grand mass of St. Nicolas du Lido, the appearance of a slight mist in the horizon alarmed the chief pilot of the Republic, whose life is answerable for the safe return of the Bucentaure; and because the vessel re-entered the port at an earlier hour than usual, the people concluded that the year would be marked by some calamitous event. The mist, however, having disappeared, all prepared for the regatta, which was to be followed by a splendid ball, at the ducal palace. Amongst the public amusements, there were none so national as a regatta, in which every one was interested, either as the proprietor or conductor of a boat, and had an opportunity of displaying his wealth or address.

‘From one extremity to the other of the grand canal, the balconies and windows of the palaces and houses were crowded with spectators, and ornamented with various coloured draperies. The parapets and bridge of the Rialto were encumbered with people; innumerable gondolas plied on every side, and the young nobility added

much to the splendour of the day by the appearance of their barges, covered with Turkey carpets, which hung to the water’s edge; each was manned by eight rowers, in sumptuous liveries. The owners were masked, and reclined on cushions in the bow of the boat, while a band of music in the stern, continued playing the popular airs of Venice. Antonio’s barge was remarkable for the superior elegance of its ornaments; and a Polish mantle displayed the beauty of his figure. His attendants were dressed as Cossacks. Ortensio stood near them, disguised as a Dutch burghmaster; he seemed perfectly at home in his new dress, and appeared astonished that the spectators could find any thing ridiculous in a costume so suitable to the patrician gravity.

‘The races were to commence with the gondolas; then the fisoleres, a kind of skiff, so light, that a single man could carry it on his shoulders. The extremity of the city, on the side of Lido, was the starting place. At the first sound of the trumpets, the gondolas, ranged in line, sprung under the oars, preceded by the skiffs to clear the way, and distribute the prizes to the winners; these quick sailing little boats then returned to arrange a new line of competitors. Many bets were made, each person having his favourite boat, and these preferences were manifested by cheers of encouragement, by the cries of the winners, and by the ill-humour of those to whom Fortune was unfavourable. Antonio, who partook of these amusements with his natural vivacity, felt hurt on hearing the comrades of Frascarola call him Terzo di Rigatta, alluding to the pig reserved for the third prize; but it was now the turn of the fisoleres, and he relied on the well-known dexterity of Frascarola. The second signal was given, and the skiffs cut the waves. Victory was not long in declaring itself; and, as in more important affairs, popular favour leaned towards the dexterous and fortunate; amongst these was Frascarola. Stripped to the waist, his head bound with a handkerchief, his face pale and watchful, his body bent over the oar, and every muscle stretched, he was seen making extraordinary efforts to pass his comrades. His address was no less remarkable than his strength, and seemed to furnish him with a multitude of expedients; at one moment he endeavoured to avoid the contrary currents, at another, to keep in the wake of the barges, which opened the way. An active and vigorous boatman threatened to pass him; at the instant his rival was close alongside, by a well applied push with his foot behind, he drove back the other boat, and, at the same moment, impelled his own forward. This trick was loudly cheered from the shore. “Twenty ducats if you gain the prize!” exclaimed Antonio.

“As much for you, if you pass him,” said Soranzo, to the other seaman.’

#### THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol. III, Part I. The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; illustrated by Anecdotes. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1829. Knight.*

In illustrating the difficulties attendant on the pursuit of knowledge, the author of the delightful little volume, of which we now resume the notice, has taken the wide range, we will rather say required than admitted by his theme. Obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge affecting the entire community, and such as are peculiar to the individuals to whom the particular anecdotes relate, are brought equally under cognizance; and such is the happy manner in which in either case the immediate subject of narration is treated, that it would be difficult to pronounce whether the interest and sympathy of the reader be more excited by the grand and lofty picture of a Newton enlightening the world by penetrating and dispersing the obscurity which veiled his own vision in common with that of mortals inferior to himself; or by the humble and more familiar representations of men struggling against penury of means, uncongenial occupations, or other adverse circumstances, to an equal station among those of their fellow-men, for whom fortune had smoothed the way to eminence.

Of the former description of instances, we have already given an example, by quoting an anecdote

showing in what manner so great a man as Galileo might fail of penetrating the causes of facts to which his attention had been called, and of which, when once explained, the difficulties appear capable of the simplest and most satisfactory solution. Of the latter kind, the examples of self-educated men are the most numerous, and perhaps the most affecting. Among many remarkable instances of such glorious triumphs over fortune, it would be difficult to choose a brighter than that exemplified in the career of Simpson, the celebrated mathematician. The account of this extraordinary man, besides its pertinency, has the advantages of completeness and brevity, and we are induced, therefore, to select it in performance of our promise of affording our readers a specimen of the mode in which the more strictly biographical part of the work before us is executed.

‘The first case we shall detail is that of the well-known mathematician, Thomas Simpson. He was born in the town of Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire, in the year 1710. His father was a working stuff-weaver, and was either so poor, or so insensible to the importance of education, that, after keeping his son at school only so long as to enable him to make a very slight progress in reading, he took him home with the view of bringing him up to his own trade. Thomas, however, had already acquired a passionate love of books, and was resolved at all hazards to make himself a scholar. So, besides contriving to teach himself writing, he read with the greatest eagerness every volume that came in his way, or that he could by any means procure; and spent in this manner not only all his leisure, but even occasionally a portion of the time which his father thought he ought to have employed at his work. Instead of giving any encouragement indeed to his son’s fondness for study, his father did all in his power to cure him of what he deemed so idle and pernicious a propensity; and at last, it is said, after many reprimands, forbade him even to open a book, and insisted upon his confining himself to his loom the whole day. This injudicious severity, however, defeated its own object. The young man’s repeated attempts to evade the harsh injunction that had been laid upon him, led to perpetual quarrels between himself and his father, till he was one day ordered by the latter to leave the house altogether, and to go seek his fortune where and in whatever way he chose. In this extremity he took refuge in the house of a tailor’s widow, who let lodgings in the neighbouring village of Nuneaton, and with whose son, two years older than himself, he had been previously acquainted. Here he contrived to maintain himself for a while by working at his business; and had at least a little time to spare besides for his favourite enjoyment of reading, when he could anywhere borrow a book. It chanced, however, that, among other humble travellers who sometimes took up their abode with the widow, was a pedlar, who followed the profession of an astrologer and fortune-teller, as well as that of an itinerant merchant, and was accordingly accounted a man of no little learning by the rustics of those parts. Young Simpson’s curiosity had been, some time before this, greatly excited by a remarkable eclipse of the sun, which happened on the 11th of May, 1724; but, if this was the incident that gave his mind its first bias toward the studies in which he afterwards attained so high a distinction, it was to his casual connexion with the astrologer that he owed the rudiments of his scientific knowledge. This personage, with whom he had become very intimate, had, it appears, a few books relating to the mystery he professed, and to the branches of real learning held to be connected with it. Among these were Cocker’s ‘Arithmetic,’ which had, fortunately, a treatise on Algebra bound up with it—as well as the less useful addition of a work written by Partridge, the famous almanac-maker, on the calculation of nativities. Both these volumes, the pedlar, on setting out upon a tour to Bristol, left in the hands of his young friend. These were the first scientific works Simpson had ever had an opportunity of perusing, and they interested him exceedingly—even the book on nativities, notwithstanding the absurdities it was filled with, probably not a little exciting his wonder and curiosity, both by its mysterious speculations on the prophetic language of the stars, and such scattered intimations as it afforded in regard to the



sublime realities of astronomy. He studied his manuals with such ardour and assiduity, that the pedlar, upon returning from his excursion, was quite confounded at his progress; and looked upon him as so marvellous a genius, that he proceeded forthwith to draw his horoscope, (to speak in the jargon of the art,) or, in other words, to calculate the position of the planets on the day he was born, in order that he might ascertain the splendid destiny in store for him. He predicted, that in two years more this miraculous pupil would actually turn out a greater philosopher than himself. After this, it cannot surprise us that our young aspirant should give himself to his occult studies with greater devotion than ever; and we find him, in fact, ere long, commencing business as fortune-teller on his own account, and rapidly rising in reputation in that capacity until he became the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. He now gave up working as a weaver; but, to occupy his leisure, he added to his principal profession that of a schoolmaster: so that, his gains being now considerable, he looked upon himself as in the secure high road to prosperity, and accordingly took to himself a wife in the person of his landlady, the tailor's widow, whom we have already mentioned. This was a somewhat singular match; for, if the account commonly given of the lady be correct, which account makes her die in the year 1782, at the age of 102, she must have been at the time of this her second marriage about three times as old as her husband. Indeed, as we have already observed, she had (beside a daughter) a son by her former husband two years older than her new one. Nevertheless it is recorded, that she presented the latter with two successive additions to the family—the juvenile portion of which (excluding the father) now consisted, therefore, of four individuals.

‘It is necessary to mention these circumstances, in order to give a true picture of Simpson’s situation at this period of his life, and of the multiplied difficulties through which he must have fought his way to the eminence he eventually attained. No starting-place for a literary career, one should think, could well be more awkward and hopeless, than that of a man who, beside many other disadvantages, had already a family to maintain before he had almost commenced his education, and no other means of doing so except a profession which necessarily excluded him from any association with the literary world in general, much more effectually than if he had eaten the bread of the humblest or most menial industry. It was quite necessary, indeed, that, if he was ever to give himself a chance either of advancement or respectability, he should exchange his trade of a fortune-teller and conjuror for some more reputable vocation, even although it should be, at the same time, a more laborious and less lucrative one. This desirable result, in fact, was at last brought about by one of those accidents, which so often in human life bring with them a temporary inconvenience only to turn a man into some path of permanent prosperity, which, but for this compulsion, he would have overlooked or never entered. Among the credulous persons who applied to Simpson to resolve, by his art, their doubts and misgivings touching the distant or the future, was a young girl, whose sweetheart, a sailor, was at the time at sea, and who wished to learn what he was about, either by having him presented to her in vision, or by a conference with a spirit who might be able to give her the requisite information. It was resolved, therefore, to use the jargon of imposture, to raise a spirit; and, for this purpose, a confederate of the conjuror’s was attired in certain terrific habiliments, and concealed among a quantity of straw in the corner of a hay-loft, that he might step forth on due invocation. The sublime, however, had been carried a little too far in the decoration of this figure; for so passing hideous was the apparition, that it actually drove the poor girl almost out of her senses, and sent her off in such a state of illness and distraction that for some time her life was despaired of. The popular feeling was so strongly excited against Simpson by this misadventure, that he was obliged to leave that part of the country altogether; upon which he fled to the town of Derby, about thirty miles distant, determined to have nothing more to do with conjuring. Here he wisely returned to his original occupation of a weaver; and joining to his labours at the loom during the day, the teaching of a school at night, contrived

for some time, though with much difficulty, to earn in this way a scanty subsistence for himself and his family.

‘It was during his residence at Derby, amid the fatigues of hard and unceasing labour, and the cares and vexations of poverty, that this extraordinary man made his most important advances in scientific knowledge. His principal source of information was the “Ladies’ Diary,” of which he was a regular and attentive reader. It was in this publication that he first read of that branch of mathematical learning called fluxions, or the differential calculus, the recent discovery of Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz; but the places in which it was noticed scarcely informed him of more than its name, and its immense importance in all the higher investigations of mathematics. But this was enough for such a mind as his. He determined to make himself master of the subject, and could not rest until he had possessed himself of the means of commencing the study of it. The only treatise on fluxions which had at that time appeared in English, was a work by an author of the name of Hayes; but it was a dear and somewhat scarce book, so that he found it impossible to procure a copy of it. Fortunately, however, in the year 1730 appeared Edmund Stone’s translation of the Marquis de l’Hôpital’s French work on the subject. This Simpson borrowed from a friend; and, immediately setting about the study of it with his characteristic ardour, prosecuted it with so much success that he not only made himself in a short time familiar with the new science, but qualified himself to compose a work of his own upon it, which, when published a few years after, turned out to be much more complete and valuable than either that of Hayes or that of Stone. When he had finished this performance, he set out for London, leaving his wife and family in the mean time at Derby. He reached the capital without even a letter of introduction, and with scarcely any thing except his manuscript in his pocket. He was at this time in his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year. Having established himself in humble lodgings in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, he maintained himself in the first instance, as he had been wont to do in the country, by working at his trade during the day, while he occupied his evenings in teaching mathematics to such pupils as he could procure. In this latter employment, his engaging method of instruction, and admirable talent for explaining and simplifying the difficulties of his subject, in a short time procured him notice and friends; and his success was so considerable, that he was enabled to bring his family to town. He now also ventured to announce the publication of his “Treatise on Fluxions,” by subscription; and it accordingly appeared in quarto, in the year 1737. From this era, his fortunes and his celebrity went on steadily advancing. But the most remarkable and honourable part of his history is that which recounts his unwearied exertions as a writer on his favourite subjects, after he had acquired a station and a regular income, as well as a degree of distinction, which would have satisfied the ambition and relaxed the industry of many others whose early struggles had been so severe as his.”—Pp. 89–95.

An entire page, occupied with the enumeration of the works produced by this indefatigable man when no motive but the love of science existed to animate his labours, corroborate the last observation, and terminate the biographical sketch.

Of the many reflections which, as we have already remarked, are interspersed among the anecdotes and notices which are avowedly the chief object of this work, and the force and weight of which are increased in an incalculable degree by being so accompanied and set forth, the following breathe such sound and lofty views, and have a tendency so truly beneficial, that we cannot pass them by unextracted:

‘Thus, by his own persevering efforts, did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory,—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for

himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was perhaps no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least, on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it; but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or the future—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction—no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone—no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it: it is the labour necessary for its acquirement that scares them; and this labour they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained, that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and hence no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source: besides that, the labour itself soon becomes an enjoyment.”—Pp. 134, 134.

These sentiments are truly delightful; and it is a happy reflection that the author from whom they proceed must speak from personal experience of their truth, since the book he has produced abounds with proofs of knowledge acquired, and of the labour so sweet employed in its pursuit.

#### TURKISH BATH.

*Travels to and from Constantinople in the years 1827 and 1828; or Personal Narrative of a Journey from Vienna through Hungary, &c. to Constantinople, and from that City to the Capital of Austria, by the Dardanelles, &c. by Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn.*

(Concluded from page 485.)

IN our last notice of the Travels of Captain Frankland, we hinted that some amusing extracts might be made of passages which derived a double interest from their joint relation with the person of the traveller and the manners of the country. The following description of an Englishman enduring a Turkish bath, is one of this nature. It is perfectly in John Bull style, and cannot fail to be amusing.

‘We were first ushered into a large square antechamber, around which were numerous Turks squatting and lying down upon divans, smoking their chibouques and sipping sherbet. Upon these divans dirty-looking mattresses are spread, and each candidate for the bath is conducted by half-naked *bathing men* to one of these couches. Here he is to undress himself and leave his clothes: he is supplied with a wrapper, a large cloth or towel to tie around his middle, a large pair of wooden clogs raised upon two pieces of wood, at least six inches from the dirty and streaming floor, and he is then conducted to an inner apartment (at the door of which he leaves his wrapper), underneath a dome lighted at the top, and

amid an atmosphere of steam. The sensation upon entering this horrible scene is the most oppressive thing possible; for such is the heat kept up by the stoves and flues underneath this pandemonium, that at first the bather is entirely deprived of the power of breathing, and until he is relieved by the copious perspiration which soon bursts out all over him, he feels as if he were going to expire. The first thing that strikes his eye, when he has sufficiently recovered himself to be sensible of what is passing around him, is a number of naked figures with shaven heads, but long top-knots and long beards or moustaches, lying about upon boards, undergoing the various operations of rubbing, scrubbing, lathering, and shampooing. The Turk yields himself up entirely to the hands of the operator, who, leaning or stooping over him, turns him over as he would a dead body, first lifts one limb and then another, letting them fall again as if they were masses of inanimate matter; cracks all his joints in succession, and thumps and kneads him as he would a lump of clay or a piece of dough.

Your unhappy self, meanwhile, is seated upon a wet and slimy board by the side of a fountain, into which hot or cold water can be conducted at pleasure by means of two brass cocks. Your savage-looking and naked tormentor first begins his annoyances by scrubbing you all over with a kind of glove on his right hand, made of horse hair; your delicate European skin, not used to such a scurfy operation, peels off in rolls upon your limbs and person, to the great disgust of yourself and triumph of your infidel prosecutor, who, calling your attention to these symptoms of effeminacy, knocks them off with his hand with an air of contempt. But how shall I describe the horror which I felt, when I found that I too was to be subject to the shampooing and the kneading of my whole frame? I knew that it was in vain to resist, and yielded myself up, as I should have done into the hands of an executioner, with mingled feelings of disgust and resignation; but when the garlic-breathing Moslem, stooping over my prostrate person, rained down upon me torrents of his own perspiration, I felt that I should die with sickness and despair; but I had no remedy. I went through it all with the feelings of a martyr, and was recalled from my dreams of death and infernus, by being seated in a corner, and covered from head to foot in a cloud of thick soap-suds, which streaming into my eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, awakened me into a sense of mundane existence, and comforted me while I smarted all over, with a feeling of cleanliness. This was rapidly succeeded by copious ablutions of hot and then of cooler water. I now looked about me, and saw that my companions were, like myself, undergoing the latter stages of the process, and perceived through a dense cloud of steam, our friend the chaoush yielding up his fat carcass to the hands of the tormentors. We could now laugh at what we had gone through, and after a little while rose from our corners, and wrapping the friendly cloth round our waists, proceeded upon our clogs towards the door, where we were supplied with hot wrappers, (but were obliged to scrutinize them rather closely, not being all quite clean,) and were conducted each to our couch, where we reposed until the perspiration had entirely subsided, drinking sherbet, coffee, and smoking chibouques. It must be allowed, however, that in spite of the disgust with which a stranger can hardly fail of being inspired upon his first experience of a Turkish bath, that the sensations produced, when it is over, and during his repose upon his couch, are of the most agreeable nature. His body feels quite restored to vigour and elasticity, and there is a satiny smoothness of his skin, to which he was before a stranger; he feels that all obstruction of the pores has been removed, and that he has been most thoroughly cleansed from all external impurities.—Vol. I, pp. 249–253.

We would merely inquire of the writer, whether the 'satiny smoothness of the skin,' and the delicious consciousness of the 'cleansing from all external impurities,' which he confesses with satisfaction to have been the result of his bath, did not more than counterbalance all the evils enumerated in the process, and which he has depicted with so much feeling, whether exaggerated or otherwise we will not inquire. For ourselves we aver that we know no sensations more

truly luxurious than those which are the consequences of such a purification.

*An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany: illustrated with explanatory Engravings. By Thomas Castle, F.L.S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Pp. 235. 12mo. London, 1829.*

JUDGING of Mr. Castle's authorship from his previous works, the 'Lexicon Pharmaceuticum,' and the 'Manual of Surgery,' we were prepared to expect in the work before us a compilation of good materials, not very well arranged, but distributed through an unnecessary and perplexing multiplicity of divisions and sub-divisions, with indexes to match; but in this Introduction to Botany, we find a less proportion than we had anticipated of the misapplied logic of divisions. A book of this kind cannot be expected to contain very much that is original; but Mr. Castle has contrived to introduce not only systematic details, but vegetable physiology, a subject not usually met with in such works.

The book comes nearer in plan to Dr. Drummond's 'First Steps' than any other connected with the science; although, in the systematic department, it is more extended than the Doctor's; but on that account, perhaps, less calculated to be attractive to beginners. Mr. Castle's illustrations are from copper-plates; had they been in woodcuts, a twofold benefit would have been derived: they would have been incorporated with the text, whereby the trouble of reference would have been spared, and the book would have been cheaper, a consideration not to be lost sight of in times like the present. On the other hand, it must be allowed that the advantage of having the plates coloured as in the copy now on our table, is a great one, and by no means to be overlooked.

*The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. VIII. Published in August, 1829. Treuttel.*

THIS is a very agreeable and valuable number of an excellent miscellany. The first article we understand to be by Sir Walter Scott; and it is every way worthy of his fame and genius. It tells the story of Massaniello and the Duke of Guise, who endeavoured to succeed to his power with that easy animation and natural brilliance of colouring almost peculiar to the author of 'Waverley.' The next papers are on Mozart and Hieroglyphics, both of them very good. That on the Metayer system is full of good sense and good information; and the notice of Greilla's Araucana fills a gap in English literature, with a great number of spirited translations from a remarkable book. The paper on the Roman Catholic Church in Germany abounds with knowledge, but will, we fear, be pronounced heavy by the fluttering race of modern readers; yet it is well worth a careful perusal. The article on the Black Sea and the Caucasus derives a peculiar interest from the circumstances of the moment. The last article we shall notice is that on the Templars, which we have not yet had time to read with due attention; but, if we do not mistake, both the critic and the author whom he reviews are ignorant that the Templars still exist as a body,—that there is an unbroken succession of grand masters from Jacques de Moley until the present day, and that there is no insurmountable difficulty in the way of learning their secret doctrine. There are more English Knights Templars than would choose their names to be known; and among foreigners, we have been acquainted with many of them. On the whole, we have only to desire that the conductors of 'The Foreign Quarterly Review' would give somewhat more of their attention to the literature of Germany.

*The Flutist's Magazine and Piano-forte Review. published quarterly. Edited by W. N. James. Nos. 17 and 18, April and July, 1829, Vol. 3. London. Simpkin and Marshall.*

We take it for granted that one man out of ten

plays the flute, and knowing well how much each of us, the musical ones in particular, adores his own image, and the image of his own employments and thoughts, we arrive at the conclusion, that the work whose title is affixed to this notice, may, on general principles, expect a wide circulation. In it flutists will find all that is useful to be known as to the passing matters of interest in the little world to which they belong by sympathy of flute-playing. Here are some good and clear-sighted observations on the styles of the chief professors of that instrument; some personal anecdotes relating to them; a more elaborate essay on sound, with reference to the flute, and a general survey of the state of music, with a disquisition of its present history. Besides this we find the fantasia played by Tulou, at his concert, for flute and piano-forte; a fantasia on the Barcarolli in Massaniello; also, as a duet by T. Berbiguier, and the favorite airs from the same opera, arranged as solos by the editor. As far as we can judge, this work fully answers its object, and deserves encouragement. If we might suggest one improvement, it would be the omission of all reference to the private animosities and intrigues of professional players. These things are in all cases most uninteresting to the general reader, and when music should be the atmosphere around us, we become almost disgusted to find the harsh and gross indications of human frailty extending even to the sanctuary. Let Mr. James remember the attributes of the divine science he professes, and he will amend his work in almost the only respect where emendation is required.

*The London General Catalogue of Music, published quarterly. Edited by W. N. James. April and July, 1829. London. Simpkin and Marshall.*

For purposes of reference, this compilation will doubtless be very useful. Every description of music, instrumental as well as vocal is here included; and if we may judge from the length of the catalogue, nothing can have been omitted.

*Greek Extracts, chiefly from the Attic Writers; with a Vocabulary. For the Use of the Edinburgh Academy. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829. Oliver and Boyd.*

ALTHOUGH these 'Extracts' profess to be principally from the Attic Writers, the little volume contains a few specimens of the other dialects also. The distinguishing feature of the book is the classification according to the dialects. The selections are judiciously made.

*Guy's Pocket Cyclopædia, or Epitome of Universal Knowledge. By Joseph Guy. Ninth Edition. London, 1829.*

CONCURRING most cordially in the opinion of the publishers of this work, that a ninth edition needs no advertisement, we devote the few lines we have to spare in our review department, and which would be insufficient for the notice of an entirely new work, to call the attention of our readers to the re-appearance, enlarged and improved, of this very useful book. The additions are very considerable, and form at least a sixth part of the present volume.

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## SHADES OF THE DEAD.—No. VI.

## THE HEBREW PROPHETS.

RELIGION is the root of human existence; and its natural and necessary outgrowth is the feeling and the desire of the infinite and eternal. Mere earthly life, and the accidents of time and space, can engage and suffice only the susceptibilities of the senses and the realities of the understanding. But the senses are wearied with possession and languid with enjoyment; and the understanding having penetrated and comprehended all that lies within its limited circle, becomes either a mechanic power that moves and acts only as long as the sensuous, the palpable, and the present are supplied to it as *grist*; or, by continual re-action on itself having accumulated energies too springy and elastic to remain in the bonds of finite being, it breaks forth into the higher regions of the spiritual life, and is absorbed and exhausted by those nobler mental powers whose aim and end are the eternal and infinite. Thus, in the ancient world, the *form* of Grecian mind, as far as its circle was concentric with the circle of the senses and the understanding, both of which existed in that extraordinary people in their purest mode of development, was entire, complete, and spherical: but the *spirit*, though blended with the form in unprecedented and unattainable harmony of union, and so accurately abstracted from the outlying infinite as to satisfy without exceeding the demands of the sensuous, produced a contrast to the simplicity and fulness of it, of the most remarkable nature. While the outward religion of the people was rather a consecration of the beautiful and the select, than a feeling of the sacred or a reverence for the divine: while the gladness of existence and the complacency of national pride were as much ends as motives of worship; the arts of divination and prophecy were held in the most solemn awe, and consulted with the most credulous earnestness. Uneasy and imperfect apprehensions of futurity were the dews that nourished, the sap that permeated, the sun that unfolded, the air that coloured the leaves and buds of true spiritual life, in the absence of the higher and holier ailments of reverence, hope, and faith. They were the lingering principle of inward being: the last ray of the clouded sun; the shadows of the personality of soul which Christianity alone revealed and assured to man. The healthy verdure of the root of existence often withered, was often cut away; its timely fruitage was blighted and trampled down; the very root was sometimes inverted, and grew downwards in the earth, instead of struggling upward towards the pure light and warm air of heaven. But withered, trampled, earth-bound, they could not be utterly crushed or suppressed: a pale sickly blossom yet drooped in the twilight of the spirit; the natural germ of being, when denied the kindness of the purer elements, the morning dews and the awakening sun, multiplied with unperceived diligence the fibres and offsets of the root itself.

But in nations, whose natural formation was less perfect, where the senses and the understanding were less susceptible and comprehensive, the harmony of form and spirit was lost either in the stagnant uniformity of passive unreflection, or the spirit alone roused wildly and blindly, without guide or beacon, into the infinite and unknown future. Soothsayers, sibyls, dream-interpreters, bird and weather augurs, diviners by fire and flood, shared the credulity, or practised upon the ignorance of the fearful and superstitious multitude. They removed the root with its spring blossoms or autumn fruitage, from the nurturing providence of nature, and planted it in the pernicious hot houses and forcing beds of state-policy and priest craft. The germ of the inward spiritual life became the shroud of moral being. It might have borne the fair and goodly fruit of holiness, earnestness, and love; but, instead, it brought forth wild grapes, and the poisonous wine of error fanaticism and fear. Still, however degenerate and polluted, it was the principle of human existence: and the possibility of its future development, and full growth was the only hope that remained to make

life valuable; and which, unconsciously perhaps, detained men in it. It was a spark of pure flame running through an endless chain of dull metal. It was the chord of human brotherhood in the heart, when all its other strings were snapt and sodden by desolating winds and rain. The feeling of something beyond the finite, a continuity of existence while matter, and space, and time, should remain, and, to holier contemplations, even when these should pass away, a confident persuasion of the existence of universal soul, of which man and nature were but integral parts in different degrees, whence they proceeded, and wherein they must be absorbed, were as the last prints of the footsteps of deity on earth, the lingering shadows of that spiritual mantle which once enfolded chaos and awakened creation. From this feeling were derived the fearful awe, the anxious, uncalculating, clinging reliance, the troubled joy, and willing credence in all who possessed or pretended to supernatural power. They were living temples of the spirit of which all longed for clearer intuition. The being who could control the elements, or summon the rulers of fire and flood, the angels of the stars, and the watchers of the dead to his bidding, could not be invested with such unearthly potency for mere finite ends: they were, therefore, present and actual proofs of the infinite in human nature: the temporal delegates of the spiritual government of the world.

But, even in the most superstitious nations, the wizards and soothsayers, the sibyls and oracular priests pretended only to superior skill or experience in interpreting the phenomena of nature and matter as symbols of the divine will in the actions of man: and their wisdom or power were purchased, or supposed to be acquired, by pain, and terrible covenants, and drear penance, which wrested from spirits and elements the secrets of time and space. But none of them aspired to, or even imagined, the lofty and creative power of prophecy. They derived prognostication, without originating prediction; and ordinary men were capable, in some measure, of tracing the instruments and the extent of their delegated privileges; for the wisest and most dreadful of the magicians were not supposed to exceed the possible limits of human will and power. To the Jewish people alone was committed the generation of those who walked in the valley of vision: and read the characters and symbols of human destiny and divine pre-ordination. The spirit and power of an Hebrew prophet were illimitable and eternal. He was consecrated in his mother's womb by the God of Abraham and the patriarchs to his service and ministry for ever. He moved under a vast shadow-dome of pre-ordination. The sun and the visible heavens were to him as clouds suspended and magnetically swayed in the infinite firmament of destiny. The name of God, and the sense of the unknown spirit and sleepless presence within him, were as a voice by night and day in the stillness of the heart. It was the earthly vessel of divine judgment in which were cast the names and the seasons of the proud and powerful empires of the world. The spirit of the future lay folded up in his being, as the light and life of after creation were once shrouded by the elements of chaos. His soul was as a charmed banner, at the unrolling of which the nations should read their periods of succession and decay, the brief noon-day of their pride and the thick darkness of their desolation. The Hebrew prophet had no compact with fire or flood; he had no charm of power to bind the workings of his spirit; but was passive to them as an harp to night winds, or ocean to the moon. They were no portion of his human life. He was afflicted and stricken; separate from ordinary relations of being, yet subject to oppression and sorrow as other men; and like them the temporal bondman of space and time. A frail cloud may contain the tempest, while it cannot resist the flight of an arrow or the wing of a bird; and the man who was despised and rejected, wearied and solitary, might be possessed of a spirit and power to which the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them were as dust in the balance, or chaff before mountain winds.

Who shall set forth even a shadow of his infancy

unfolded, like a flower by earth-dews, and light and air from Heaven, by the height of noonday vision, and solemn dream, and the consciousness of the sleepless power of his inward being? Surely the spirit of God, as it moved in creation, was to him as a diadem of beauty on the brow of the perishable. The awful loveliness and harmonies of the visible world which led common men to idealise created matter, and to worship the earthly life, and in a mistaken fervour of wonder and love to change the glory of the incorruptible God into the image of corruptible humanity, were to him but the 'fallings off and vanishings' of that more perfect glory that arose on the first morning of created Eden. He felt and knew these outskirts of divinity as having a similar relation to the pure original essence, as the spangles of moonlight on evening seas, to the full complete moon in the heavens. And this sense of the origin and the inner life of the beautiful in space and time were as the first springing plumes in which the soul arrayed herself for flight to self-consciousness, reverence, and the knowledge of Deity, as manifested in the outer courts of the spiritual temple. But when the spirit became aware that the visible glory of humanity, and the beauty of life, were but the first steps of the ladder from heaven to earth—and those steps too which alone touched earth—it thirsted for the invisible as folded up in the soul of man, and being made conscious of its self-being by the devout exercise of an humble and pure spirit, the communion of prayer, and the perception of grace, it strove also to apprehend the illimitable and eternal as comprehended in Deity. The Hebrew prophet had to reconcile none of the inconsistencies and contradictions which bewildered and betrayed an ethnic philosopher. He had not to account for the existence of human passion, erring judgment, and impotent will in the same essence with absolute wisdom, necessary foreknowledge, and illimitable power. To Abraham and his descendants had been revealed the sublime truth of the unity and impersonality of the Deity: while the occasional incarnation of divine or angelic essence in a human form restricted all necessary representation of Deity in image or idea to the visual or mental eye, to the most perfect form of possible human beauty. Moses, alone of men, in a removed tabernacle, awaited a partial unveiling of the Divine effulgence, that concealed, like a morning cloud, the perfect unimagined brightness within: and the reflection of that light was so terrible, that the people could not behold the dreadful beauty that shone from the face of their leader. How different from the conceptions and representations of Divinity to human consciousness of an heathen priest or philosopher. They were accustomed to contemplate the palpable and sensuous forms of Jupiter embodied in sculpture or delineated in painting, as the essential being of an Olympian deity. While the ideal of his infancy, the awful traditions which he would hear from his parents, or the priest of his tribe, had already moulded in the young mind of an Hebrew juster notions and purer conceptions of the divine nature than any ethnic school had admitted even as plausible conjecture: and the childhood of Isaiah was herein wiser than the complete maturity of Plato's mind.

It would be endless to enumerate the various objects of wonder, reverence, and fearful mystery, which elung around the infant mind of an Hebrew prophet. The home-religion of his family; its daily ritual and private ceremonies; the solemn observance of each returning Sabbath: the sweeping garments and embroidered ephods of the Levites—the mystic brightness from the breast-plate of the high priest, the precious jewels and the silver and the gold of his raiment, inherited from holy Aaron, zealous Phinehas, and ancient Eli—perhaps they had even once adorned the proud regality of Pharaoh, or yet more remote, had furnished the tiara of Joseph the patriarch—the sublime and lofty attributes of the high priest himself, his sacrificing with unearthly fire, his aloofness from human sympathies, in that he might not mourn for the dead, were all around and present to him as the real and ordinary things of life. And

surely 'on the seventh month, on the tenth day of the month,' the solemnity of that sabbath of purification to the people, would be borne into his inmost being with an energy of permanence to which the first sight of boundless ocean were as a fleeting shade in the memory; and the sudden leap of volcanic fire from a snow mountain as the flight of a bird, carelessly observed and quick-forgotten. For then the high priest entered the holy of holies and beheld the cloud that rested between the cherubins; and the second veil of the Tabernacle was twice lifted at his going out and his coming in. It was the moment of infancy when sudden awe, sent like a shock into the fearful stillness of the heart, becomes ever after a portion of the being; a strong spell controlling and compelling the energies of life, the human birth of destiny, the proper dawn of an eternal ministry.

In his youthhood, when the spirit of his soul was struggling with his human, earthly nature, for the victory of annihilation—as the serpent-rod of Aaron destroyed the serpent-rods of the magicians—the Hebrew Prophet went far away from man, and populous cities, and sea-harbours, and the valleys of flocks and herds, into the removed and solitary wilderness, which even the wild Arab shunned as the supposed dwelling-place of genii and banished demons, and spirits of earth, and the elements. To him it was a written tablet of fulfilled prediction: every object was to his visual eye as a shadow of the pillar of the cloud which went before the people by night and day: a resting place of the tabernacle, which, now of more solemn beauty and religious magnificence, had become the temple on Mount Zion—a spiritual symbol of the more perfect glories of the invisible Temple, in which he was soon to become the prophetic ministrant. Far to the south-west was Sinai, the mount of the Covenant, kindling at evening in the last rays of the sun setting beyond Egypt and Ethiopia: at the edge of the Desert, lay that salt and bitter sea, whose sluggish waves of naphtha and bitumen flowed sullenly over two cities that perished in the wanton hours of the wine-cup, the dance, and the loud music. West of the mountains of Edom, and towards the sea was Beersheba, the well of promise, where Abimelech covenanted with Abraham: and on the far sea-coast, Gaza and Ascalon, and Ashdod, cities of the Philistines; whither the Ark of the congregation was borne in triumph, and the god Dagon shamed the proud victory of his worshippers. Babylon, and Tyre, and Balbec, real but sad images of death, and solemn thoughts of mortality; they fulfilled prediction in oblivion and decay: they were not cut off from earth as the cities of the Dead Sea, and the element of their destruction made the imperishable monument of their name; nor slowly intombed and silently whelmed by the sands, as Egyptian Thebes and Memphis, and so exist in a posthumous duration. But the multitude passed unconsciously from their streets; the song, and the tabret, and harp died away, like twilight echoes, from their halls: the purple hangings, the Tyrian carpets, the polished mirrors, the rich labours of Sidonian artists, dropped unregarded from the walls, and were hidden and buried by the rank unlovely weeds which nature spreads over ruin—the silent mourning and the expressive mockery of perishable art. But from Judah and Jerusalem, though faded away like a 'tale that is told, or as a dream when one awakeneth,' yet as a dream continues the joy of its vision into the morning, so from them, though their desolation is present and destiny accomplished, a fairer dawn and brighter noon-day have arisen more radiant and lovely than they ever saw. They are desolate; but oblivion cannot come near them: oppressed and possessed by strangers, but the remembrance of the ancient days is mightier than the sorrowful contemplation of the present.

The struggling of human will and earthly nature with the spirit of destiny and pre-ordination ended; and the Hebrew prophet proceeded in the strength of self-devotion and the confidence of holiness to the fulfilment of his temporal ministry. One example

of the contrast between the pride and circumstance of earthly grandeur and the inner majesty of prophetic power, will shew the relation of his outward bearing and solemn office to the accidents of time and regality. The messengers of the son of Bala-dan, the great king of Babylon, came with letters and a present to Hezekiah, king of Judah. He shewed them the treasures of his palace, the gold, the silver, the spices, the offerings of Tyre and Arabia and the Ammonites to their conqueror and allies. The proud train of the Levites, with their swinging censers of Syrian frankincense, their flowing garments of Sidonian linen, the three hundred warriors bearing the brazen shields of king Rehoboam, the golden vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon, the cedar palaces of Solomon, wrought by cunning artists from Tyre, the captains and the counsellors of Judah, the veteran soldiers who had fought with Jotham against the Ammonites, were all displayed with every circumstance of ordered magnificence to the wondering ambassadors from Babylon. They were shewn by Hezekiah all that was in his house, and all that was in his dominions. The high priest, with his solemn company of the daily priests, might attend them to the Temple, the first and most glorious one, built by Solomon in the noon-day of his glory and power: so radiant in solemn beauty, and so harmoniously magnificent, that the ancient Jews who remembered it among the gorgeous day-visions of childhood, when they beheld the foundations of the second house, though laid by the edict of Cyrus, and completed in the rapturous emulation of the late enfranchised people, wept for the glory and the state of the original Temple. Then Isaiah, the Hebrew prophet, came single, unattended, and aloof from the splendour and rejoicing of the court, into the presence of Hezekiah; in short and severe interrogatories, he demanded the nature of the mission of Babylon; and confounded the profane vanity and short-sighted pride of the king, by declaring to him, in the solemn language of prophecy, that the days should come, when all that was in his house, and all that his fathers had laid up in store unto that day should be carried to Babylon; when his people, his counsellors, his warriors, should be the prey of their enemies; his treasures should become the joy of strangers, his sacred vessels should adorn the temples, and be desecrated at the godless banquets of the heathen; the house of the forest of Lebanon spoiled, the cedar palaces desolate, and his sons' slaves and eunuchs in the service of the great king. It was as the shadow of death felt cold in the meridian warmth and gladness of life; as a spirit of uncreation in the fibres of existence; the anticipated orphanage of ruin and decay.

Such were the temporal relations and ministry of an Hebrew prophet; such the operation of outward accidents upon him, and the external revealings of his spirit to others. The sublime, the unimagined workings of his inner-being are hidden from all human contemplations by the same mysterious aloofness which enshrouds futurity, and veils even to-morrow.

W. D.

#### SCENE FROM 'THE BIRDS,' OF ARISTOPHANES.

'The Birds' is the most fanciful and poetical among the plays of Aristophanes. Its ridicule is principally directed against the religious notions of the Greeks. The plot depends in some measure on the tragical story of Tereus and Philomela, which ended, as the reader will remember, in the former being changed into the Hoopoe, and the latter into the Nightingale. The comedian has used a considerable extension of the poetical license in making them associate after the metamorphosis. Two Athenians are introduced wandering in search of the Hoopoe; to whom, as the most rational of birds, having once been a man, they wish to propose a scheme for erecting a commonwealth of birds, building a city in the air, and usurping or rather intercepting the authority which the gods were supposed to exercise over men. This is sufficient to introduce

the dialogue and lyrical parts which follow in the present translation; wherein it has been attempted to exhibit not the wit of Aristophanes, but the extreme playfulness of his fancy. The lovers of Shakespeare's songs, it is hoped, will be reminded of that beautiful passage in one of them.

Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone;  
She, poor bird, as one forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up till a thorn:  
'Fie! fie!' now would she cry—  
'Tereu! Tereu!' bye-and-bye.

*Pisthetærus, the Hoopoe, Euclides, Chorus.*

*Pisth.* O'er men ye shall have power, as over flies,  
And starve the Gods out by a Melian famine.

*Hoop.* How is that possible?

*Pisth.* Why, the air, you see, lies just in the way to heaven.

Well, like as we then, when we want to go  
From Athens as far as Delphi, are obliged  
To beg free passage thro' Bœotia;  
Just so, when mortal men make sacrifice  
Unto the Gods, if these wont pay you tribute,  
The smoke of the burnt victims must not pass  
The confines of your new state in the air.

*Hoop.* Aha! aha! by the broad earth I swear,  
By all the snares that have way-laid my feet,  
By all the nets that have been spread to catch me,  
I never knew a better scheme than this.  
Oh! I'll go build a town with you directly,  
If we can bring the other birds to join.

*Pisth.* But how are we to break the matter to them?

*Hoop.* Yourself shall do't: they'll understand you well;

I've taught them Greek: before my sojourn here  
The poor barbarians could not speak a word.

*Pisth.* But how to call a meeting?

*Hoop.* That's soon done.

Let me get up there into yonder thicket  
And waken up the nightingale, my mate,  
And we will call them: when they hear our voices  
They'll gather round us with the speed of thought.

*Pisth.* Thou dearest little bird of birds, get up,  
And rouse the nightingale, thy mate, this moment.

*Hoop. (Sings.)* Come, my little partner, awaken you  
from sleep;

Let the stream issue forth of that melancholy song,  
Wherewith thou mightily wot thy tender wail to keep  
For him our long-lost and our lamented long  
Ties, bewailing him the deep boughs among  
With the sharp clear pipings of thy tawny-feather'd  
throat:

Piercingly, thrillingly, the bursting numbers float  
Thro' the thick embowering leaves up to Jupiter's abode,  
And the high ethereal halls, where the golden-curl'd god  
Apollo standeth hearkening intently to thy strain.

Then catching up the wild note answereth again  
With a rapture in his eyes, as he ordereth the quire  
Of the gods to the sound of his ivory-framed lyre:  
From immortal lip to lip pass harmoniously along  
The choral-burthen'd echoes of the consecrated song.

(A flute is heard within in imitation of the Nightingale.)

*Euclp.* Oh, heavens! the silvery sweet voice of the  
bird.

It pour'd a flood of honey over all  
The thicket where she sang.

*Pisth.* Silence!

*Euclp.* What now?

*Pisth.* Don't ye hear, the Hoopoe's going to sing again.

*Hoop.* Epopoy, popopo, popoy, popoy.

Io, Io! come hither, hither, hither.

Come hither, all ye thousand tribes, ye flitters of the feather.

All ye who gather grain  
From the sheaf-encumber'd plain,  
Ye pickers up of seeds  
From the purple-bosom'd meads,  
Flitting here, flitting there,  
Thro' the region of the air,  
With a cheerful chirping noise;  
And ye with pleasant voice

That twitter in the furrow round the newly-turned clay,  
Tegho, tegho, tegho, tegho,  
Come away, come away!



All you that in the garden grounds of mortal men are  
seen

Hopping up and down about the ivy branches green;  
All you who in the woodland, all you who on the hills  
Spoil the wild strawberries and olives with your bills,

Come hither on the wing,  
And hearken what I sing.

Treyoto, treyoto, treyoto, tobrinks;

All ye who chase the midges with their sharp shrill hum,  
O'er the marshy grounds at twilight, come, come, come!  
Come hither, hither, hither, all ye who have your birth,  
And your dwelling in the well-watered places of the earth;  
From the flowery meadows of the pleasant Marathon,

Come thou among the rest,  
With thy painted wing and breast,  
Hazleken, hazleken,  
But not alone.

Come ye wild ones of the ocean, ye that follow in the  
train

Of the azure-bodied halcyons as they skim along the  
main,

Come and listen to the strange  
And sudden news of change,  
That an old man hath brought  
To the land of the birds;  
Shrewd is he in thought,  
And eloquent in words,  
With mighty things to teach;  
Come and hearken to his speech,  
Come hither, hither, hither,  
Oh! ye birds!

(*Cho. of Birds.*) Toroto-toroto-toroto-tinks  
Kikkabaw, kikkabaw,  
Toroto-toroto-lililinks.

## MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM DOBBS,

SOMETIME

TALLOW CHANDLER,

IN THE TOWN OF MELTON, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

*Written by Himself, and now for the first time published  
from his own MSS.*

## CHAP. V.

### SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON MEMORY.

I need not blush to own that of the events which took place in the three first years of my life, I retain but an imperfect recollection. For that other persons who have written their own lives, have been equally ignorant respecting their infancy, I call to witness the Memoirs of Mr. John Mason, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, Miss Deborah Johnson, and other worthy men and women, whose fame is spread abroad (I may say) through the whole world; and who yet have honestly made this confession. And, moreover, I am not afraid that any who possess any knowledge of me, will refuse to testify that I am blessed with a memory of more than ordinary excellence. To this gift, (for which I shall always own that I am indebted to my venerated aunt Martha, who, in my tender infancy, bade me learn by heart, besides the Assembly's Catechism, all Dr. Watts's Divine Songs, though, if I gave heed to the foolish flattering of my mother, I should believe that even this youthful indoctrination would have been insufficient, unless it had met with some talents in him on whom it was bestowed,)—to this gift I say it is owing, that I am able, even at my present age, to call to mind circumstances of which many younger men are strangely forgetful. By means of it I was able, only a few days ago, to expose our minister, when he had fallen into the strange mistake of supposing that the secession from the older meeting took effect in consequence of his coming to the town, and not, as was so notorious at the time, through my father's influence, who had (I think) reasonable cause of displeasure against the former preacher, who openly purchased

his candles at a shop which was established out of mere spite, in opposition to my father's.

I was prompted to lay open this unfair depreciation of my father's just weight in the town, not more by my filial attachment than by my zeal for the cause of religion, which was assuredly much wounded in the person of a man who openly avowed that he would desert the shop of a faithful and consistent friend of truth, merely because the other chandler, being a man of no credit, tried for a time to undersell him by one penny in the pound. It was, as my father well observed, though the minister said he saw not the connection, Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage. Now the particular of this secession I have been enabled, as I said, to recal to the minister by means of my useful memory. Nor will it soon escape me, how I excited the surprise, and as he was pleased to say, the admiration, of our member, when on occasion of the visit which I before mentioned, I was able, praised be the same memory, to take a complete view of the singular and (humanly speaking) miraculous events which have taken place in Europe during the last fifty years, pointing out what fluctuations the American war, the French war, the intended invasion of Napoleon Bonaparte, (which, as will be hereafter mentioned, I took arms to resist,) produced in the prices of tallow, soap, and the other necessary commodities of life. So that, I think, I have sufficiently shown, that if I passed over wholly those earlier years of my life, that would not happen because I am behind my neighbours in powers of recollection.

## CHAP. VI.

### CONCERNING MY EARLY YEARS.

NEVERTHELESS I am not willing to leave any gap in my history which it is possible by care and diligence to fill up. I think it right, therefore, in this deficiency (unavoidable as I have already shown, I trust, to the reader's satisfaction,) of my own resources to avail myself of the information which at different times I have gathered from the lips of my parents and my aunt. I shall also profit occasionally by their letters, especially those which my mother wrote to her cousin, then apprenticed to a respectable milliner in the street called Oxford-street, in the city of London.

Poor Mrs. Hewson is now old, and (if I may so speak) in her dotage, and often talks in a wild sort of way about running out of the house several times the week I was born, to escape the noise of my crying; but of all this she used to say nothing when she was in her senses, though she came to my house frequently, and was often allowed to dine with the servants. On the contrary, she has often told me that I was a remarkably quiet child, and took kindly to my food both before and after I was weaned, as well as to Dolby's Carminative Powders. She would mention more instances than I like to repeat of what she called my cosiness, meaning, as the minister and I both imagine, precocity, an old English word signifying a rapid progress in study. She particularly remembers that when I was only three weeks old I began to observe the candle very attentively, and would even strive to get hold of the wick, in order to satisfy myself of its nature—to which fact my mother more particularly alludes thus, in a letter to her relation, (though that, I think, must be of a later date.)

“Our Bill is doing very finely; he begins to take a great deal of notice, more than you could think possible unless you saw him. The other day, his papa came into the room, and as he was stooping down to play with him, he took hold of his eye-brow with his little fingers, and almost pulled out one of the

\* It must be remembered that my father, though a remarkable man in his day, had not those advantages which (as was well remarked in a late number of that learned and judicious work ‘The Westminster Review,’) enables every member of a Mechanics' Institute to laugh at Cicero, Horatio Coles, and other Greek philosophers. I mention this to account for the strange blunder he has made in making Oxford-street a part of the City.

JOHN DOBBS.

hairs; and then the little rogue laughed as proudly, it would have done you good to see him. Another day (it is to this I meant particularly to draw the reader's attention) he saw the candle on the table, and nearly jumped out of the nurse's lap to get at the flame. ‘You'll be in the tallow line, I see,’ said his father in his odd way, and I do think if I had not been by he would have done it, for the nurse has a notion of letting him get experience, as she calls it, poor little fellow. I would not have had him burn his pretty little finger for all the experience in the world. Oh, it is so pleasant, my dear, to have a little boy and to watch his little tricks. I am sure you would delight in it; it would just suit you, so fond as you are of children; and you can't fancy how different it is to have one of one's own. Do pray have one very soon. Oh, I forgot, but I hope one will come, in due course, by and bye.’

From the last paragraph we may observe how rash are the conclusions of women; for though my mother pleased herself with the thought that she had one clever and well-disposed son, how could she tell that a like good fortune would happen to her correspondent Miss Kegg, if, after marrying a suitable husband, she also chanced to be blessed with a boy! Surely he might have proved ill-tempered and foolish. But this is by the way.

When I was nine months old I was exceedingly forward in my speech: I knew three words; but my aunt Martha has often assured me that the one which I repeated most frequently was butter; a circumstance which both pleased and surprised my father, who was a meditative man, and led him to think that I should be something different from the common tribe of children. In four months more I could say ‘potatoe’ distinctly, and it is an observation which I have made in human nature, that when a child is able to use words of three syllables, it very soon finds no difficulty with five. The first sentence which I am said to have spoken was, ‘Give me my shoe,’ which I had thrown off my foot to some distance; and the second, ‘What is that made of?’—alluding to a tabby of my aunt Martha's. After that I very soon began to surprise my mother with my sayings, some of which I will repeat, as she told them to me, and for the rest I must have ‘recourse’ to her letters. In answer to a question from my nurse, to the effect, ‘What does the cow say?’ I answered, ‘The cow say milk;’ which, as a shrewd gentleman, at that time staying in the house, remarked, was what the cow ought to say, and perhaps meant to say. Again: being asked what yellow was like? I replied, ‘my frock yellow.’ Now my frock was not yellow, but purple, which is my reason for mentioning this anecdote, because I am satisfied, from talking with my son who has lately been at Glasgow, in Scotland, and has seen a great deal of the youths who attend the college in that town—that this was the association of ideas. On another occasion, my mother mentions a very curious observation and action of mine, which I will copy from her handwriting.

‘Poor William is much troubled with his teeth. He has cut four front teeth now, and another is nearly through. I wish you were here to feel his gums, they are so soft and tender. The other day I gave him a nut, only meaning him to play with it, but he is such a clever little rogue that he put it at once into his mouth, and I saw he was putting it between his little teeth. ‘La, child,’ said I, ‘you must not do that on no account.’ ‘Nut made to eat,’ said he. Now how could he find out that? There are not many children would have known any thing about it, I am sure.’

But now having arrived at a suitable age, I began to learn my letters under my aunt. But of this subject I must write a separate chapter.

[There is a hiatus in the MS. here, of which Mr. John Dobbs could, for some time, give no satisfactory account. By making diligent inquiries among his customers, he was at length able to recover a few fragments which it is not very easy to decipher. They contain rather more than the fifth of one of Mr. Dobbs's decads, and contained an account of Mrs.

Martha Dobbs and her mode of teaching the alphabet, which appears to have united the advantages of many systems. The former loss is in some degree made up to us in future portions of the narrative. The latter is quite irreparable. The description of Mr. Dobbs' first days at school is also wanting, as our readers will perceive from the following mutilated remains of

## CHAP. IX.

AFTER I had been one year at this school, I commenced the study of the Latin language, in which I made such progress, that, before the end of one twelvemonth more, I had learned my grammar perfectly as far as the second conjugation of active verbs. This rapid advancement I would not be vain enough to ascribe solely to my own parts or diligence, though my master bestowed many commendations upon them, but also in a great degree to his mode of teaching; for upon this subject he had thought much, and being a shrewd man he had found out many ways for shortening the labour of learning to his pupils, and would also expose most wittily the ignorance of those who invented the old methods. 'Truly,' he would say, for he was wont to beguile our hours of study in this agreeable manner; 'truly, those who wrote "The Eton Grammar" were great blockheads; nor, indeed, is that wonderful, for how do you think they are educated in those schools? I will tell you, as I received it from my uncle, a considerable man in the town of Windsor, in Berkshire, of whom the youth who frequent the seminary at Eton are accustomed to buy cakes and sweetmeats, and who, therefore, I think, may be esteemed a tolerably competent witness, as doubtless it was communicated to him by the boys themselves.'

Upon first going there, he told me, the boys are placed under the third master, who is appointed to teach them swearing, in which they are examined every Saturday morning by the head master. Till they have made some advancement in this art, they are not permitted to learn any other; but after that, the second master takes them in hand, and teaches them the church catechism, which they are required to repeat alternately with their oaths on Sunday. Then this grammar is given to them, in which, however, they never proceed further than the first declension in the first year; though, instead of studying authentic geography, history, mensuration, and the use of the globes, as we do, they are not permitted to learn any thing but this grammar, except, as I said, swearing, and that little, short, contemptible catechism, which would go into a page of the great Assembly's catechism that I teach you, (and so, indeed, it would.) 'This is the mode of education which goes on at the great schools, till the boys are seventeen, and then they are sent to the university, where they are taught horse-racing, and a branch of learning called mathematics, all the useful parts of which I will teach to those of you who design to be land-surveyors before you have been with me six years longer.' Most of his observations upon 'The Eton Grammar' have escaped me, through time and the pressure of other thoughts; but there was one piece of ignorance committed by the author of it, I remember, which he used to expose so famously to us that we could never help laughing; and it was with no small indignation that I afterwards met with these comments in the county paper; the editor, who was one of his pupils, having stolen them and exhibited them as his own, thus gaining credit for wit, of which, while he was at school, nobody suspected him. The part I mean, concerned the second and third conjugations of active verbs. 'Now here, you see,' he would say, addressing me, or perhaps some other boy, 'how determined the makers of this grammar were to cause all the trouble they could to their pupils; for in what way do they propose to distinguish the conjugations? Doubtless by the infinitive moods. Being resolved, however, to make up four conjugations, that so they might increase the price of these books, and keep the unfortunate boys a year or two longer at their academy, what do they do? Why they put a little straight mark over the infinitive mood of one verb in *cre*, and a half-moon mark

over the other, and then call them different. I wonder what I, or any of your father's customers would think of it,' he would say, turning to me, 'if he were to put a cross upon one piece of butter, and a straight line upon another, and then charge tenpence for this, and tenpence-halfpenny for that?' It was impossible from such happy illustrations not to see his meaning, and I have laughed many a time in secret to think over this trick of the Eton master, and what fools people must be to send their children to him.

(To be continued.)

## HISTORY OF PANACEAS AND NOSTRUMS.

IN an article published about one year since, styled the 'Philosophy of Quackery,' we exposed the unprincipled and paltry system of artifices, rapacity, and religious hypocrisy, which, together with a stock of tradesmen-like habits, and a complete dereliction of the honourable dealings and liberal accomplishments of gentlemen, distinguish more or less a considerable and pre-eminently successful portion of the followers of medicine in the provincial parts of England, and especially the great watering places. In the present article, in a history of the most popular nostrums of the last two centuries, we shall exhibit the vast proportion of mental imbecility, mingled with the popular judgment, the power of fashion and imitation in propagating delusions, and the particular tendency of the people of this country to gross infatuation relatively to medicine more than to any subject below the superficial routine of their ordinary observation and experience. As the facts always make the most vivid and stable impressions, we shall give them precedence of such general reflections and reasonings as flow from them, and thence also derive the stamp of force and truth.

A nostrum is commonly a specific for one disease or a panacea for all, and its virtues are always attested by the most solemn facts. It promises to preserve health without breach, or to extend life without limit. The chief exception to these merits is, that disease and death are still brought into the world, and that nostrum-takers have hitherto forborne to attain to the longevity of Methusalem. These magnificent pretensions have been assigned to agents of every quality in nature, from the insipidity of cold water to the hot pungent intensity of mustard seed.

In the reign of Charles the First the universal virtues of the magnetical cap were set forth in a 'Compendious Declaration,'\* by John Evans, Rector of Lyttleton-upon-Severn, who made them himself of antimony, and sold them in Martin's-lane. Like the Rev. Caleb Carrington, present Vicar of Berkely, and inventor of the 'Life Pills,' he combined the vendor of a nostrum for the preservation of the body with the holy offices of the priest for the salvation of the soul. The preamble to a quack advertisement, of the same century, prefers this curious compliment to the English: 'Whereas, the people of England, through the moistness and mutability of their air, foulness of diet, and disposition to excessive drinking, are subject to rheumatisms, &c.† Guenter's 'Practical Piety' might have been expected in an age when Praise God Barebones and the saints of 1641, like the spiritual Quixote of the Select Cashion and the Evangelicals of our own times, defensed the air with clamours for Hudibrastic devotion. The 'warming stones' of the same epoch, more modest in their pretensions, claimed the curing of all agues, colds, deafness, and tooth-ache.‡ The reign of Charles the Second abounded with quackery. The witty libertine, Rochester, who had studied physic in his youth, spoke a very humorous address to the mob in the character of a stage quack, which is still preserved in his works. In 1734, Ward's pills acquired great repute. The able exposures of Dr. Turner exhibited, by facts and reasonings, 'the murderous

effects of violent vomiting and purging, in all cases and constitutions,' of which they were productive. The basis was tartar emetic, a remedy of the highest value when given with discrimination. This nostrum was a revival of the pills of a Dr. Russell, of Holborn, who first sold them at one shilling a piece, a much greater price than is given now for any patent medicine, when the value of money is less. Ward maintained the reputation of his nostrums, by the common practice of all curemongers and quacks, putting the one case in which they had done good, out of the ten in which they had caused the most serious mischief. His brother first tried them upon dogs in the Fleet, and of several dog-patients, one only recovered. Hence arose the following epigram:

'Tis plain, Ward's nostrums arn't dispers'd for money,  
all

His foes declare them antimonial;

And tho' the quack has guess'd that cream of tartar

With scammony well mixt, makes a part there,

I fear, instead of tartar cream and scammony

You'll catch a tartar, and find all a sham-on-ye.

This lame doggerel was deemed wit in those days, and published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' the only periodical which the times could then support, and all the talent of the age suffice to supply. Ward contended for the undesirable proof of twelve years success with them, *professed experience being always the pretext with this class of persons*, and ascribed the decrease in the bills of mortality to the amount of 3171 persons, after the great mortality, of 734 to his pills and drops. But the Grub-street journal, a Weekly Paper, habituated to the exposure of the quackery, promulgated his failures, and declared that Ward's 'sugar plums' had 'worked so furiously,' that they had 'destroyed many infant children,' a common effect of emetic tartar upon infant constitutions, and done execution in every part of the great city of London, and made great havoc among adults, until they were analysed.

The efficacy of nostrums generally ceases with the exposure of their composition. The country is much indebted to Paris for having, in his Pharmacologia, published analyses of the nostrums of the present day. A young woman, who had taken Ward's pills for three days, 'fell to screaming and crying out of intolerable pain in her stomach and g... declaring the pills had killed her, and died the day following.' Swift, then in the vale of years, but in full repute, as 'the wittiest man in Europe,' threw his triumphant ridicule into the contest. In a parody of Ward's advertisement of his worm paste, in which, of course, Ward had endeavoured to prove worms to be an universal disease, in this line:

'Whate'er you do, whate'er you see,  
All mankind are worms.'

But another maintained that 'The abilities of the great quack were too well known to be blasted by a slanderous pen; that his killing with one drop proved him to be a greater artist; and that quacks, in populous states, if great ones, should always be chartered.' Ward excited, indeed, much humour and squibbing, often of a political mixture, masked under his name, and Pope did not disdain to exert his powers against popular fraud and imposture.

The Abbé Bayeux, about 1730, gave celebrity to hot water in all diseases, and cured 'dropsies, asthmas, colics, and other bad complaints,' after 'all the physicians had condemned them,' according to the report of an *Englishman*,\* who, after 'spending an income upon bark and advice, recovered after going to France to have his throat tickled with a feather, and drink hot water.' Of course, he imputed nothing to travel, change of air and scene, and the encouragement of hope, which dispose the constitution to recovery; and,

\* Mercurius Publicus, No. 6, Feb. 7 to 14, 1661.

† Mercurius Publicus, No. 44, Nov. 1660.

‡ Public Intelligencer, No. 201, Nov. 7, 1659.

\* Bellam Medicorum, Grub-street Journal, No. 102, 1733.



in fact, constitute almost the sole efficacy of watering places.

Previously, in 1723, John Smith, C. M., and Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S., and John Hancock, Rector of St. Margaret's Lothbury, London, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, had published two essays on 'The Curiosities of Common-water,' and 'Common-water the best Cure for Fevers.' These tracts and several others on the subject, ran through four and even six editions. Smith declared that 'Forty-four years' experience,' for facts and experience are never wanting in these concerns, 'had confirmed the stupendous effects thereof;' and that it might truly be styled 'an universal remedy, since the diseases it either prevents or cures may have this remedy applied to all persons, and in all places, where men do inhabit.' But Hancock, the other doctor divine, candidly confessed 'that it was little out of his way to write on physic, but that he was not the first man who had writ a book of a subject he knew little of' (p. 100.) In consequence of these clerical essays on physic, 'the whole nation run a madding after cold water in every temper,' till, at last, up starts a merry fellow, by the name of Gabriel John, who exposed the water-doctors in such a ludicrous but witty manner, that from that time the custom dwindled and grew out of use.\*

Quicksilver, which had been prescribed by Sir John Nicholas Butler, a very eminent physician in James the Second's reign, and had cured 'a lunatic and a swallower of worsted and other trash,' next came into general favour about 1730†: but the history of this quackery must be reserved for another number.

### THE DRAMA.

#### English Opera House.

THE source of the new melo-drama produced at this theatre, under the name of 'The Witness,' has given rise to as much doubt and investigation as that of the River Niger. It is traced by one geographer to Ireland, and there said to be figured out in the annals of the 'Munster Festivals;' another calls in the aid of Mr. Godwin, and goes with him to the fabulous regions of 'Caleb Williams;' a third looks towards Italy, and not a few are absolute in favour of Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly. However this may be, and it pains us to leave so difficult a matter without adding our mite to the *imbroglio*, we have some comfort in thinking that one faithful topic has arisen to stir men's minds in a season so universally barren and calm, that the changes in the French cabinet, and the riot on the summits of the Balkan, had almost assumed the aspect of important events, and substituted themselves for the legitimate matters of domestic interest. Luckily, this evil consummation has not arrived. And begging all true patriots to inflame the discussion, and blow it about to the uttermost, we will proceed to say that the cause or subject of this excitement is a very well-meaning, innocent young creature, ycleped a melo-drama; and though a foundling, as we have seen, (unless the claims of a whole parish give it a parentage,) yet attired in, if not rich garments, such as might be expected upon the child of a hard working careful man, in the middle class of dramatic writers.

But, of a truth, 'The Witness' must now speak, or be spoken of in plain terms; and first of the story, which turns upon the remorse and detection of an old criminal, many years after the perpetration of a concealed and capital crime, for which he had been tried, and some how or other acquitted. This

\* Bellum Medicorum, Grubb-street Journal, No. 192. 1733.

† 'Empirical medicines,' says a writer in *Fog's Journal*, 1734, 'come in play again, when the mischief they have done is forgot to us; crude quicksilver, which was tampered with in the last age, came into request in this, but sunk again by the popular eulogy of the drop and pill.'

criminal is a Mr. Henderson (Mr. J. Vining), the father of Catherine (Miss Kelly), who, during a voyage, sometime previous to the date of the drama, had been exasperated by his countryman and friend, Old Elton, and then revenged himself by pushing this friend over the vessel's side into the sea. The son of the drowned man, Frank Elton (Mr. Perkins), is adopted by Henderson after his acquittal, and as the boy grows up, an attachment is formed between him and Catharine. The play opens with some acts and incidents which serve to impress on Frank Elton's mind a sudden suspicion that his host and guardian was in fact his father's murderer. The ghost of the deceased appears to him in confirmation of this idea, and he is urged to take legal steps for a fresh investigation of its truth. Henderson is again brought to trial, after some ingenious scenes, in which scope for much good acting is allowed to Miss Kelly, where she becomes an auditor to her father's confession; next in the endeavour to screen him; and lastly in the interview with her lover and in the altered feelings with which she regards him. The proof of Henderson's guilt is almost established, and requires but one additional attestation—that of the deceased; who accordingly, at the very moment when he is most wanted, makes his appearance, but not in 'ghostly' trim, seeing that he had been saved incarnate when on the point of being drowned—by a drag belonging to the Humane Society? No, no!—by a good-natured merchantman that happened to be sailing by at the moment. He puts out the hand of friendship; the living and dead are reconciled; people are married on all sides, and the green curtain falls in the usual Hymeneal and delightful manner.

Of Miss Kelly's acting, as the heroine, we say to her admirers that it is marked by her characteristic excellences, somewhat chastened; and to her detractors, that it will afford them less than ordinary scope for animadversion. It seems to us that she here attempts less than usual, and that her performance, though more level, and to us infinitely more agreeable, will not on that account be quite so popular as in the more startling, throbbing, whispering, convulsed, choked, and electrified characters. Mr. J. Vining has added materially to his laurels by his most careful and talented representation of the conscience-stricken culprit. The style of this gentleman, whether original or borrowed, is full of spirit, ease, and propriety. He has the rare merit of being interested in his part, and showing himself so. The consequence is that there are never those awkward lapses, those long spaces of inaction which generally come in between the actor's successive speeches. He carries himself well through the most trifling and dull passages, and attends to the minutiae of his part without any display of effort. Mr. Keeley acts a poor part well, and Mrs. Keeley embellishes the play with two capital songs, which are always en-cored.

### NEW MUSIC.

*The three celebrated Waltzes of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, arranged for the Spanish Guitar, and dedicated to Mrs. Col. Charles Ellis, by J. A. Nüske.* Vernon.

To amateurs of the Spanish guitar, this must be a very acceptable and interesting publication. The pieces chosen are not only of the highest possible class, but they are quite well adapted by a very talented performer, and teacher of his instrument. Nüske is an excellent musician, and an enthusiast in his art.

*Favourite Airs, selected from Auber's celebrated Opera of 'Masaniello, or La Muette de Portici,' arranged as Concertante Duets for the Harp and Piano Forte, with accompaniments (ad libitum), for Flute and Violoncello, and dedicated to Miss and Miss Emma Green, by N. B. Challoner, in 2 books.* Birchall.

This is unequivocally the best arrangement, and in the best possible shape that the deservedly popular music of Masaniello has yet appeared; and

there certainly is not any species of composition so interesting for amateurs, as harp and piano-forte duets, conversation in music being as instructive, pleasing, and useful, as in language; indeed, it may be regarded as the principal inducement for ladies to learn the harp at all; for many, who would by timidity be deterred from performing alone before their auditors, entertain no objection when the responsibility may be thus divided; besides, no adaptation of operas or concerted pieces of any description can convey a more interesting imitation of the original effects produced, (unless in such adaptations voices be employed,) than an arrangement for harp, piano-forte, flute, and violoncello; and Challoner has had more experience, and more success in such publications than any other composer, teacher, or performer.

The present work is excellently brought out, and expressly well adapted to the respective instruments. The first book contains the Cavatina, the Guaracha, the Nuptial Chorus (or 'Chœur de la Chapelle'), the Fisherman's Chorus, and the favorite Barcarolle; and the second book includes the Market Chorus, the Prayer, the grand Triumphal March, (with the interesting second prayer) and Chorus, and the characteristic Bolero. La Muette de Portici, is now so well known and so highly appreciated at this immediate period, that it would be unnecessary to dilate upon it. We therefore conclude with once more highly recommending this useful and pleasing adaptation, to all harp players, it being by no means difficult to comprehend or execute.

*The Young Bernadine, a Romance, composed and dedicated to his friend, J. B. Sale, Esq. By John Barnett.* Published by the Author.

This is not only composed, but the words written by Barnett, and the *tout ensemble* is very pleasing and conceived in good taste. An andante (colla tenerezza) in 3-8 time, in the key of F, presenting an agreeable melody, very well adapted to voices of moderate compass; it is somewhat in the style of Bishop's very pleasing 'Loch na Gharr,' and equally estimable.

*The celebrated Bohemian Melody, called 'The Secret,' as sung with the greatest success at the Argyll Rooms, by the Bohemian Brothers, arranged as a Rondoletto for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Marian Storey (of Dublin), by T. A. Rawlings.* Welch, at the Royal Harmonic Institution.

A VERY gay, cheerful, and pretty trifle, in the key of A, extremely familiar and teachable. The tune denominated 'The Secret,' was by far the most favorite gem performed by the Bohemians, and Rawlings has made a delightful little piece of it.

'*Fra tante angoscie e palpiti,*' from the Opera of 'La Cenerentola,' arranged with Variations for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Lee.

This is issued as the fourth publication of easy well-adapted flute music, by Bernard Lee, and presents the air properly fitted to his instrument, with four well-arranged variations. Count Caraffa's flowing and very popular melody must be acceptable in any shape, and it loses none of its attraction as thus exhibited. The piano-forte accompaniment is perfectly ad libitum.

### ENGRAVING.

*The Queen of Portugal, engraved by Woolnath, from a Picture painted by J. Holmes, Esq.*

THE little medallion-form engraving before us is a very pretty and interesting companion to the portrait of the Princess Vittoria, published a short time since in a similar form, and if we mistake not, executed by the same engraver. This wants perhaps

the sweetness of the former, but it has a mixture of childish expression with intelligence, which is highly characteristic, and in so small and simple a production very meritorious.

The parity in age and sex, and in high destiny, and in some other respects, in the circumstances and situation of the two infants, attaches an additional interest to this pair of miniatures.

#### MR. MARTIN'S INVENTIONS.

(Concluded from p. 504.)

THE fourth invention of Mr. Martin is one of the most simple kind, and, should it be found practicable, would be one of great utility. It was suggested to its ingenious author by an inconvenience which he personally experienced. He was returning, he tells us, from the north to the metropolis, in a steam vessel, and was detained in the Yarmouth Roads five or six hours during the night, the Captain having cast anchor, because, on account of the darkness, he could not see the buoys which mark the sand-banks. Mr. Martin reflected on the loss of time and risk of change of wind occasioned to the mariner and passenger by such a detention as this in the winter season, when the darkness endures for fourteen or sixteen hours; and employed himself in devising a plan for remedying the evil. The most obvious mode that occurred to him was that of substituting sea-lights for the buoys which mark the shoals, and which, in the night time, are perfectly useless.

The sea-lights, in Mr. Martin's project, are to consist of suspended light towers, circular in form, as least likely to be affected by the influence of the winds and waves, about ten feet in diameter, and to be suspended from the point of junction of three legs or rods of wrought iron, rising from the sand, brought together at the top and forming a triangular pyramid, with an equilateral triangular base. The construction of this base is that part of the plan in which the ingenuity of the inventor is principally exercised. A foundation is to be laid in the sand, at a distance of from fifty to a hundred yards from the edge of the shoal, by sinking in the sand hollow metal boxes riveted together so as to form a triangular frame. This frame is to be deposited on the sand at low water: the boxes so left will sink to a certain depth by the ebbing of the next tide, and will become filled with sand as they sink; another triangular layer of boxes must then be dropped upon the first; and thus successively fresh layers are to be deposited at every low tide until the first or lowest has reached the firm sand or other substratum, and will sink no further. The placing of each layer exactly over the preceding one is to be ensured by a strong bar of iron, at the commencement of the work driven deep into the sand at each angle of the foundation, which by means of iron loops in the corner of the boxes, would direct each layer unerringly upon that last sunken. When the layers of boxes shall have ceased to sink further, and the upper layer lies within three or four feet of the surface of the sand, the foundation may be considered as complete, and the rods from which the light-towers are to be suspended, may then be erected on it.

Mr. Martin's fifth plan, is for purifying the air, and preventing explosion, &c. in coal mines. The principle of this plan is the drawing off of the foul air by means of a fire-draft, and the result of it, according to its proposer, would be to do away with the expensive and futile system of sinking extra pits merely for the purposes of ventilation, and would be the means of recovering immense property in the old mines, abandoned in consequence of the danger to which the colliers were exposed. The machinery is of a nature somewhat complicated, at least sufficiently so to make it incapable of explanation without reference to plates.

Mr. Martin prefaces his second plan for supplying London with a purer water, with a statement that he is convinced that the plan formerly proposed by him for supplying London with water from the Coln, is that which would be the most advantageous; and

we may add, as from ourselves, that from the consideration we have been able to give the subject, we are of Mr. Martin's opinion. The water is pure, and the means of bringing it to London simple, and the expense would not be greater than the importance of the object would fully justify. It may be that Mr. Martin's projects for combining ornament with utility, have had too prominent a place in his designs, and diverted attention from the real merits of his proposal. Still, preferring his first plan, Mr. Martin would provide for the case of its rejection by a second, which would bring a purer water than any now in use, from the Thames. With this view he proposes to prevent the discharge of any sewer into the river above Mill Bank or Neat House Gardens, and to stop the further ascent of the tide at the same spot, by means of a strong dam or wear to be built across the river, crowned by a hinged leaf, which, rising with the tide, would bar it out in its ascent, and on its fall allow it the discharge of a portion of the accumulated river water. By this plan, the river, for miles above the spot already designated, would become one grand reservoir for the supply of the metropolis with the pure water of the Thames. Locks would be required on each side of the dam for the passage of the navigation. This would occasion some loss of time, but that inconvenience, Mr. Martin maintains, would be compensated by the saving of time which would be the consequence of the constant sufficiency in the depth of the water above. The advantage of sailing with a tide will be lost, but on the other hand the evil of having to work against one will be removed.

The seventh plan of Mr. Martin, is for rendering more salubrious the lands which lie in a marshy and pestilential state in the vicinity of the Thames. This he proposes to effect by proper drainage, and by barring out the tide.

These several plans of Mr. Martin, it will be seen are directed to the attainment of objects extremely desirable. They are in the highest degree ingenious, and even should they in some instances fail on experiment, would not deserve to be called chimerical. The publication of them cannot fail to increase the respect in which the inventor is already held by the public.

#### DISEASE IN INDIAN CORN, AND ITS EFFECTS ON ANIMALS.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, the proceedings of which we find reported in the French literary and political journal, 'Le Globe,' M. Roulin made a very interesting communication on the subject of the Indian corn or maize affected by the ergot, which he has had the opportunity of observing during his sojourn in South America. The ergot, also named the spur or horn seed, is a disease to which grain is liable, and in which the seed is affected with horny excrescences of a black colour. Rye is more particularly subject to it, and that grain, if used for food when so affected, produces a disease in animals, attended with convulsions and mortification. This disorder is also known by the name of ergot. The rye so diseased is used medicinally, and especially in midwifery cases.

In Europe the maize has never been attacked with the ergot; but in South America, and especially in the warmer parts of Colombia, where it is a very important article of food, it is liable to be affected by it, and when so attacked is called, in the language of the country, *maiz peladero*, or maize producing baldness. The effect of the disorder which it occasions in the animal system, is less noxious than that caused by the ergoted rye. Those who consume it lose their hair, and sometimes, but rarely, it causes the loosening and falling out of the teeth; but M. Roulin had never observed that it had been attended with mortification or convulsive maladies, like the ergot produced by bad rye. Swine, after eating the diseased maize, lose their hair in a few days. This is followed by an emaciation of the abdominal

members of the animal, and excessive weakness. The ulterior effects there is no opportunity of observing, for the pigs are killed by the butcher immediately that they begin to grow thin. On mules, which willingly eat the *maiz peladero*, the effect produced is loss of hair, puffiness of the heels, and sometimes the falling off of the hoof. Hens, after having fed on this grain, often lay eggs without shells.

It is a known fact with regard to the rye affected by the ergot, that it acts with greater effect shortly after being gathered; the same is the case with the *maiz peladero*, with the addition that, with this grain, the poison is more active if the seed be gathered before it be quite ripe. The effects of this disordered grain on wild animals is also remarkable. When the crop of maize is in a sound state, every precaution is taken to preserve it from the numerous sorts of animals which would otherwise devastate it; but immediately that it is known to be affected by the ergot, all care of it is abandoned, and then, day and night, the plantations are overrun by wild animals, who devour the diseased grain with eagerness. It operates on them with wonderful rapidity. It is not uncommon, in such cases, to see monkeys and parrots fall, as if intoxicated, in the middle of the fields, without the power of again rising. Wild dogs, and deer which are fond of the maize, but only come in the dark to consume it, sometimes share the same fate; they are to be discovered in the morning in the thickets near the plantations, and the hovering flocks of *gamuros* show where the creatures have retired to die.

Not the least singularity attending this grain is, that it may, in a very short time, lose its deleterious properties and serve for wholesome food. This is a fact, M. Roulin says, which seems proved by a concurrence of disinterested testimony. Persons worthy of credit affirm that this *maiz peladero*, on passing the lofty mountains of Paramos, in which the cold is constant, is found to be cured of every hurtful quality. This, at least, is certain, says M. Roulin, that the grain so diseased is carried to the villages situate on the opposite side of the Cordilleras, and that it is there bought by persons who are well aware of the danger there would be in using it in the place in which it is gathered.

With regard to the difference in the degree in which the rye affected by the ergot, and the maize attacked by the same disease, are hurtful, M. Roulin suggests, without pretending to decide the question, that the cause of this variety may be traced to the difference in the composition of the two grains, since the maize does not contain gluten, a matter eminently putrescent.

#### MISCELLANIES.

NEW EARTH DISCOVERED BY BERZELIUS.—At the sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, of the 20th July, a letter was read from M. Berzelius, announcing the discovery, by him, of a new earth possessing all the properties of those known by the denomination of thorina, and which are only, as is acknowledged, a phosphate of yttria. This newly discovered earth, to which, on account of the analogy just mentioned, the discoverer has given the name of thorina, is white, and is not reducible by carbon or potassium; after having been thoroughly calcined, no acid, except concentrated sulphuric acid, will attack it. Even after having been treated with caustic alkalis, the sulphate of thorina is easily soluble in cold water, but almost insoluble in boiling water, so that it may be separated from many other salts by washing the mixture in boiling water. The thorina dissolves very well in carbonate of ammonia: by raising the temperature, the precipitation of a part of the earth is determined; on lowering the heat, the precipitate disappears. All the salts of the thorina have a very pure astringent flavour, almost like that of tannin. The chlorate



of thorina, treated with potassium, decomposes with a triple deflagration. A grey metallic powder which will not decompose water, is the result: the same powder, above red heat, burns with a brilliancy almost equal to that of phosphorus in oxygen. Thorina is attacked, although feebly, by sulphuric acid and nitric acid. Hydrochloric acid, on the contrary, dissolves it with a strong effervescence. The thorina exists in a new mineral found in small quantity at Brevig, in Norway.

**GERMINATION OF SEEDS IN MERCURY.**—At the sitting of the French Academy on the 27th of July, M. Pinot described an experiment by which he had removed all doubt as to the fact announced by him to the Academy some months ago, that the radicle of divers seeds which had germinated in mercury had penetrated into the metal to the depth of eight or ten lines. The seed on which the confirmatory experiment was made was the *lutyris odoratus*, of which the cotyledons do not develop themselves in germination, so that no mistake could arise from their adhesion to the moist surface of the mercury; and to remove all suspicion that the weight of the grain had produced the effect observed, the seed was suspended at the distance of about two lines from the mercury. The seed germinated, and when the radicle touched the mercury, it penetrated into it, and in the same way as that of the seed which had been placed on the substance itself.

**INDEPENDENCE OF A JUDGE.**—M. Hennon de Pansey, author of the 'Histoire des Assemblées Nationales en France,' and who died in April last, at the age of 87 years, was one of the Presidents of the Court of Cassation under the reign of Napoleon. Being in this capacity, endeavours were used at the instigation of and by a creature of the emperor, to induce him to procure the revival of a sentence which had proved disagreeable to the government. The virtuous magistrate examined the question anew, and decided that there were no grounds for altering the judgment already pronounced. 'His majesty requires its revocation,' said the negotiator. 'Tell his majesty,' replied the president, 'that it is better that the revenue should lose a million than that the respect in which the Court of Cassation is held should be diminished by an act of injustice.'

**ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.**—It is a notorious fact, that when the Duke of Orleans was in exile, and wandered in poverty through different countries of Europe, he sojourned some time in a small town in Switzerland, where, having no other means of living, he had recourse for subsistence to giving lessons in geography in a school. It is not, however, so generally known, that on his return to France, and when at the height of prosperity, he caused this event of his life to be recorded in a painting, and had himself represented surrounded by the children of the school, to whom he was explaining the different parts of the terrestrial globe. The President Hennon sat for the portrait of the master, who was also to be introduced.

**GERMAN TRANSLATION OF PELHAM.**—Among other recent translations from the English into German, is the novel of 'Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman;' under the title of 'Pelham oder Begegnisse eines Weltmannes,' by C. Richard. The novel readers in Germany, it would appear, differ somewhat in temperament from the same class of amateurs of literature in our own country, since they are content to have a romance furnished them piecemeal. The volumes of this translation were published separately at considerable intervals: the last has just appeared. The title suggests the observation that the German has a better translation for our word, 'gentleman,' so puzzling to most foreigners, than any other language; since, however different the etymology from that of the English term, 'Weltmann,' (world man) is in general use to express the idea of polished man, although in other senses it implies a prudent, worldly or sensual man, and is even employed to signify layman, or man of the world, in distinction from a man devoted to the church or religion.

# MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND MR. READE.

It will, we are sure, surprise the readers, no less than it did the conductors of 'The Athenaeum,' to find Mr. Robert Montgomery charged with the authorship of an article in our journal. From the tone which has always been taken in reviewing that gentleman's writings, he is the very last person with regard to whom we should expect to be called on to make a formal denial of his having any participation in our labours: we are, however, appealed to on the subject. A Mr. Reade, who, we are given to understand, is the author of 'Cain the Wanderer,' dissatisfied with the observations which appeared in our columns on his production, has addressed an angry letter to Mr. R. Montgomery, ascribing the review to that gentleman. For the information of Mr. Reade, therefore, and for the satisfaction of Mr. Montgomery, we beg positively to state, that the latter gentleman was not the author of the remarks on 'Cain' which appeared in our journal. As to the insinuation of personal motives influencing the criticism alluded to, which might be considered as rebounding from Mr. R. Montgomery on ourselves, we forbear disclaiming it explicitly; but only for this humane reason, that we find the imputation a common source of comfort to those authors whom a sense of justice to the public prevents our noticing in the tone which their vanity would prefer. The pain we give is ever reluctantly inflicted, and we would not deprive those who feel hurt at our remarks of any consolation. It may be as well to add, however, that the author of the review which has given so much umbrage to Mr. Reade, knows nothing either of that gentleman, or of Mr. Montgomery, beyond their writings.

\* If we remember rightly, the notes to the book in question contained some attacks on Mr. R. Montgomery, which ought to have prevented the writer of them from complaining of the utmost retaliation.

**ERRATA** in our last Number.—In the notice on the Drama.—Mr. John Reeve—in the eleventh line from the bottom of the column, for 'poet' read post: in the quotation following after two more lines, for 'human' read humour.

## LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The MS. for a second volume of the very valuable work 'Pompeiana,' by Sir William Gell, are in the hands of the publisher, Mr. Jennings. The drawings are finished by the Author, and will be engraved by the most competent artists.

Dr. Shirley Palmer will very shortly publish 'Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet.'

Mr. Wm. Hosking is busily occupied in a work on architecture, in which the subject will be treated in a popular manner.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

The Brunswick, a Poem in three Cantos, 2d edition, 5s. 6d.  
Arguments for Predestination and Necessity contrasted, by R. H. Graves, D. D. 8vo. 7s.  
London Latin Grammar, 12mo. 3d. edition, 2s. 6d.  
Sermons Preached in England, by the late Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D. D. 2d edition, 8vo. 9s. 6d.  
Mrs. Lushington's Journey from India through Egypt, 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
Thomson's Atlas to 'Bateman on Cutaneous Diseases,' royal 8vo. 3l. 3s.  
Page on the Poor Laws, 2d edition, 8vo. 5s.  
Cuma and other Poems, by J. R. Best, Esq. 8vo. 14s.  
Dr. Dibdin's Tour in France and Germany, new edition, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 2l. 15s.

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

August.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	A.M. P.M.	at Noon			
Mon. 16	53 66	29.78	S.W.	M. Rain	Cirrostratus
Tues. 17	55 65	29.84	Stat.	Ditto.	Stat.
Wed. 18	53 63	29.89	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thur. 19	53 65	29.58	S.	Rain, P.M.	Ditto.
Frid. 20	56 60	29.24	S. to N.	M. Rain	Cumulus.
Sat. 21	56 51	29.22	N. to NW	Ditto.	Cirrostratus
Sun. 22	56 53	30.72	N.	Fair, Cl.	Cumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 54°.  
Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.55.  
Rain during the nights of Friday and Saturday. Mornings fair, except on Monday, Saturday, and Sunday.  
Highest temperature at noon, 77°. *Astronomical Observations.*  
Mercury and Saturn in conjunction on Tuesday.  
The Moon in Perigee on Saturday.  
Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 5° 42' in Sagitt.  
Sun's ditto ditto 23° 16' in Leo.  
Length of day on Sunday, 14 h. 34 m. decreased 2 h.  
Sun's horary motion, 2' 24" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, .005232.

Just published,

**THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW:**  
No VIII, was published on SATURDAY the 15th instant.

This day is published, the Second Volume of  
**LEUTENANT COLONEL NAPIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA.**  
8vo., with plans. Price 20s., boards. By T. and W. Boone, 480, Strand, near Charing-cross.

## REPUBLICATION OF THE

**ENCYCLOPÆDIA METROPOLITANA.**—More than One Half of this great Work being now printed, the Proprietors have the satisfaction of being able to announce, what has been earnestly desired by many, a republication in perfect volumes. To those persons who have not become Subscribers to this Encyclopædia, nor made themselves acquainted with its peculiar and original plan, it may be necessary to state, that it will ultimately form Four Grand Divisions, viz. 1. Pure Sciences, 2 vols.—2. Mixed and Applied Sciences, 6 vols.—3. Historical and Biographical, 8 vols.—4. Miscellaneous and Lexicographical, 8 vols. In every Part, as hitherto published, a portion of each of these Divisions has been given, and the Reader has had the advantage of enjoying, in every new fasciculus presented to him, all the distinct features of the Work. Still, however satisfactory this plan has been to many, others have been desirous of having perfect volumes; and this wish is now attainable by the completion of the following volumes, viz:—

## VOL. I. OF PURE SCIENCES,

CONTAINING,

**GENERAL INTRODUCTION**, by S. S. COLE-  
RIDGE, Esq.

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**LOGIC**, by Rev. R. WHATELEY, D.D., &c.

**RHETORIC**, by the same.

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**ARITHMETIC**, by Rev. GEO. PEACOCK, M.A. &c.

**ALGEBRA**, by Rev. D. LARDNER, L.L.D., &c.

**GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS**, by the same.

**THEORY OF NUMBERS**, by PETER BARLOW, Esq., F.R.S.

**TRIGONOMETRY**, by G. B. AIRY, Esq., M.A. &c.

**ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY**, by Rev. H. P. HAMILTON, M.A., &c.

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**VOL. I. OF MIXED AND APPLIED SCIENCES,**

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**ASTRONOMY (Physical)**, by J. F. W. HERSCHEL, Esq., M.A., &c.

**MAGNETISM**, by PETER BARLOW, Esq., F.R.S. &c.

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The period from the Creation to the Death of Hannibal: including, amongst those of other distinguished Writers, the Contributions of the following:—Rev. Dr. Arnold; Bishop Bloomfield; Rev. W. H. Hale; Rev. Archdeacon, Lyall; Rev. J. H. B. Mountain; Rev. J. B. Outley; Rev. G. C. Renouard; Rev. Archdeacon Russell; Sir John Stoddart; T. N. Talfourd, Esq.; and the Rev. W. Whewell.

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**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**—The Notice of the various Courses of Lectures to be delivered during the next Session, and of the days, hours, and fees, fixed for the attendance of each, may be had at the Office of the University; and at Mr. Taylor's, 30, Upper Gower-street.

The Medical Classes will commence on the 1st of October, and the General Classes on the 2nd of November.

By order of the Council.

THOMAS COATES, Clerk.  
University of London, Aug. 1, 1829.

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#### TO FLUTE PLAYERS.

**ON FRIDAY** Last, the 7th of AUGUST, Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, published, price 4s. Nos. 17 and 18 (the two Numbers incorporated) of **THE FLUTIST'S MAGAZINE**, which will be found, on inspection, to be of a more interesting nature than ever since its first establishment. Contents of Music:—1. The celebrated Fantasia, of Tulou, which he performed at his concert, on the 13th of June last. (This Piece is published at Paris at five francs.) 2. A beautiful Fantasia, by Berbiguier, on the Barcarolle in 'Masaniello.' (This piece is also published at five francs.) 3. The favourite airs in 'Masaniello,' arranged as solos, by W. N. James. There are twenty-four pages of Music, engraved in the first style, for which the Music Seller would charge at least 10s. Contents of Letter-press:—1. The respective merits of M. Tulou, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Dronet. 2. Essay on Sound, concluded. 3. M. Monzani's defunct Patents. 4. A Day with Dressler. 5. The Correspondence between M. Tulou, M. Monzani, and Mr. James. 6. The present State of Music. 7. Review of New Flute Music, &c. &c.

**TO THE MUSICIAN.**—Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall have also just published No. III. of 'James's Quarterly General Catalogue of Music,' price 6d. No. II. contains the New Musical Works, from January to April, price 6d. No. I. the whole of last year's publications, price 2s. No Musician should be without this Catalogue; it is a complete reference to all new Musical Works which are published from quarter to quarter, with the price of each publication, name of the composer, and by whom published.

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\* \* \* The Amateurs of the Flute are informed, that Mr. James has incurred the great expense of re-printing those Nos. of his Magazine which were out of print. 'The Flutist's Magazine' is therefore now complete from its commencement, at the following prices: 1st vol. 24s. in boards; 2nd vol 10s. in boards. No. 16, for January, 1829, is just reprinted, price 2s. Amateurs are also informed, that Mr. James continues, as usual, to give lessons on the Flute, on moderate terms, at his lodgings, 45, Warwick-street, Golden-square, or at the pupil's residence.

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